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Farm, Garden and Household.

Domestic Vinegar Making.

Like every other business it is by no means easy to make first-class vinegar if the person trying to make it does not know how and has not the proper materials to make it with. While it is a business that can be carried on to the best advantage by making it on a large scale with everything properly fitted and managed, it is a fact that the scarcity of good vinegar makes it quite an object for the careful housewife to make the article at home, if possible.

Every organized substance in this world has a natural tendency to growth, maturity and decay. Especially is this the case with fruits and vegetables containing sugar or other sweets and starch or other mucilaginous substances from which sugar may be made. All these after reaching maturity, begin to ferment, the first process toward decay.

Fermentation is of three sorts. The first is the vinous or alcoholic, which turns the sugar in the fermented article into spirit, or whiskey. It assisted here by proper decantations or separations from impurities and excluded from the air wine is produced. But if not stopped the fermentation rapidly passes into the sour or acetous stage by which vinegar is formed. This again may be checked here by putrification and keeping from the air so as to be good for an indefinite length of time—even years. But if not so checked, the third and last stage, the putrefactive, goes rapidly on, the fluid being entirely decomposed and spoiled so it is good for nothing at all. In making vinegar, the nature of these stages of the process ought to be attained, and when reached kept there by careful and skilled management.

Any substance that is sweet will make vinegar, of a quality good or bad according to the materials used. Good vinegar ought to be made of acetic acid, obtained by fermenting sugar or other pure sweet, and nothing else. Commercial vinegar is largely composed of sulphuric acid, a certain percentage of which is allowed by law though much more than this is nearly always used. This is an adulteration that injures the article for domestic use.

Apple and grape juice, made as pure and clear as possible, makes very superior vinegar, the essential oils in them adding greatly to its flavor. Still they are not all necessary and an equally good article can be made from pure sugar alone.

The first step toward success in a small domestic way is to procure a few gallons of really good vinegar from some undoubted source to make a start with. Unless this can be done the process is a slow, difficult one, requiring much skill. But if a few gallons can be procured it is only necessary to place this in a perfectly clean barrel or other vessel, in some location where the temperature can be kept even and near 100 degrees as possible, adding at first very small quantities of the sweet fluid desired to be turned into vinegar. If there are five gallons of good vinegar in a clean barrel, half a gallon of water in which a pound of pure white sugar has been dissolved, will assimilate with the vinegar in forty-eight hours, and all will be good alike. The mixture should not be agitated or shook at all when it is made. In a few days add another half gallon of the mixture, putting in more as the quantity increases, if it is desired to increase it. If not, add only as the vinegar is taken out for use. This will make a most excellent quality of the desired article at the cost of about twenty-five cents a gallon, or the cost of two pounds of pure sugar added to a gallon of water, and is perhaps the best way to obtain a really superior article. The same method may be used with apple, grape, plum, peach, watermelon, or other juices, taking care that they are clean and pure when poured in the vinegar barrel, or the whole may be injured. They must also be added in very small quantities, daily if necessary.

By using a number of barrels, if the supply of saccharine matter is large, a large quantity may be made in a short time. But it must be borne in mind that to have a really first class article, nothing but the best materials ought to be used, and in a skillful manner. It is the easiest thing in the world to have good vinegar, if the operator knows how to do it and does it right. It is equally easy, and even easier, to spoil the whole thing when the proper articles are not used in the right way.

Nearly twenty years ago the writer set up a vinegar barrel in the way above described, and by adding grape juice at this season of the year has always had plenty on hand. When grapes can be bought at one to three cents a pound, they are the cheapest article that can be converted into vinegar, straining the juice carefully one day, adding a pint of water to every gallon—letting it stand twenty-four hours, carefully pouring off from the sediment and adding gradually to the vinegar barrel. [Cor. Prairie Farmer.

A Successful Enterprise.

Messrs. S. A. J. Adams of Bangor have recently engaged in a enterprise which has thus far proved a success and promises still better results in the future. A few years since a large tract of land was purchased by them in the neighborhood of Howland. On a portion of this tract was a large pond covering about five hundred acres. This part therefore was of no use to them and the thought gradually came to them that in some way they might make use of it. So after the manner of the old Dutch peasants they decided to drain the pond.

A ditch about four feet wide was according dug through a "horseback" about twenty feet in height. As soon as the water commenced to flow from the pond this ditch was greatly increased in width and a place about thirty feet wide thus gullied out. After the pond had thus been drained a rich, soft mire remained. It being their object now to put this tract to some use, they decided to sow grass seed, but owing to the soft nature of the soil they could not do this in the summer season. Waiting till winter, however, the seed was sown on the snow and thus when the snow melted the seed gradually settled into the mire, germinated and soon covered the tract with a fine growth of grass.

This year one hundred and twenty-five tons of hay were gathered from this tract. The grass had not become thick enough to give good footing to horses and they have to wear shoes to prevent the animals from sinking. In a short time, however, the grass will get to be very thick, as the soil is rich, and then it will be a most valuable tract, cutting at least five hundred tons.

When the persons first commenced these operations they were generally laughed at, because most persons believed it to be a foolish undertaking, but the laugh is now on the other side, as the experiment has reached that standpoint that is an experiment no longer, but a sure success. In this way many tracts of land throughout our state that are now worthless might be brought to a high state of fertility, and what are now the least valuable tracts might thus be made to be the most valuable ones.

Messrs. Adams deserves great credit therefore for the example that they have set others and we hope many may profit by it. [Bangor Democrat.

The new industry to which we have before referred, that of extracting tannin from sweet fern and alder, is attracting considerable attention. From a ton of sweet fern a barrel of extract tannin is made, worth $22, and also a barrel of second quality worth $7 50 per barrel. From the alder, one cord will make one barrel of extract, worth $20; while from hemlock bark one cord will make a barrel of first class extract, worth $20. The sweet fern is dried twenty-four hours before being hauled to market, and the price paid for it at the factory is $5 per ton, with 25 cents per mile for hauling.

We are not aware that the experiment has been tried anywhere except in Hancock county, but there are other places where the business can be carried on quite as profitably. There are numerous pine barrens in Oxford county where nothing grows but the sweet fern, and there are alder swamps in nearly all parts of the State. [Farmer.

Hog Crop. There is no danger of over-production in hogs. As our production increases the demand increases. The foreign trade in the product of the hog is large and important, and increasing every year. In the year ending November 1, 1875, we exported of hog product 467,186,970 pounds. For 1876, lacking sixteen days, the exports were 606,658,642 pounds. Taking the whole export for the year, and allowing 200 pounds to represent a live hog (as much of the export rendered lard and hams), it will be seen that our foreign trade this year has taken 3,028,293 hogs, being at least a million more than the entire annual slaughter at Chicago. And it took 742,358 more hogs in 1876 to supply our foreign trade than it did in 1875. And these are evidences that there will be a largely increased demand in 1877 over this year. It is understood there is now a light stock of old pork on hand. If justice is, therefore done, the producers' pork would command as good, if not better, prices than at present throughout the fall and winter. [Iowa Register.

Cows and Milk. The art of feeding our cows so as to produce the greatest quantity and the best quality of milk is neither understood nor practiced generally. An experienced writer, who says that one good cow gives all the milk that is needed in a family of eight persons, and from which cow was made 200 pounds of butter last year, gives the following as his treatment. He says: "If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk give your cow every day water slightly warm, slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not tried this daily practice, that your cow will give twenty-five per cent. more milk immediately, under the effects of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty; but this mess she will drink almost any time, and ask for more. The amount of the drink necessary is an ordinary water-pail full each time, morning, noon and night."

Potato Experiments. The result of experiments undertaken by the Royal Agricultural Society in England, Scotland and Ireland shows good evidence from the work at twenty experimental stations, in favor of large sets at planting. The report says: "The potato which starts with a large supply of food in the tuber, and secures by its help a good hold on the soil, and a good mass of foilage in the air, produces the most remunerative crop." This will tally with the experience of the majority of careful cultivators everywhere.

Make Feed Racks. A stormy day improved by making a few racks to hold hay and fodder for cattle, sheep and horses, will return large profits before summer comes, in saving the feed from being trampled under foot and in the mud, and thus wasted and destroyed. Plenty of feeding racks about the barn-yard is an evidence of a careful, painstaking farmer—and only such can make any thing now-a-days. It is not those who make the most that thrive best, but it is those who save the most of what they do make. The secret of success is in saving all that can economically and wisely be saved.

The Force of Circumstance. From a town suburban to Portland comes the story of a couple who loved not wisely but too well, the abundant details of which it is unnecessary to enumerate. Suffice it to say, an attorney was sent to interview the young man who was a party to the affair, and who belongs to one of the first families of the aforementioned suburb. The preliminaries were arranged, the attorney giving the young man three days to consider matters, and get ready for the marriage ceremony. When that period of time had expired the unwilling bridegroom elect came to this city, and took a trip for South America, via New York. Off Cape Cod the vessel was caught in a gale, wrecked, the crew barely escaped with their lives, and losing everything else. The good people of the town where they were washed ashore forwarded them to this city and on his arrival the young man concluded to accept the inevitable, and brought the young lady to this city, where it was supposed they were married. After the ceremony the bridegroom departed hastily. The young lady has no marriage certificate, and says the officating minister resided on a street in this city where upon inquiring it is found no clergyman has a habitation. There seems to be a hitch in the proceeding's somewhere, which makes the honeymoon a very unpleasent sermon for the party not interested. [Portland Times.

On Guy Fawkes' Day, the 5th inst., five boys were standing around a bonfire in Manchester, England, when suddenly a sharp sound was heard like a clapping of hands and one of the boys, a lad about fifteen years old, dropped dead. On examination the surgeon found that a bullet had entered the boy's head exactly at the top, penetrated the skull and brain three inches downward, and then smashed the bones at the nose. Although the bullet had been battered to an almost shapeless mass, the Government mark upon it was clearly discernable. The ball had been fired from a Snider rifle, and, as the police frequently complained that volunteers discharged their pieces in the air, there was no doubt death had been caused through such culpable carelessness and ignorance. The momentum of a bullet falling half a mile is about equal to its velocity when fired from the muzzle of a gun.

Arranging Furniture. In arranging furniture about the room bear in mind that it is not necessary to push every article primly out at the sides, so that sofas look as if they were glued to the wall. Pull them out; put a sofa across one corner; stand the big easy chair in the light with a little table close by, handy for sewing or books; leave a chair or two in front of the sofa; and in general so dispose of the articles that the room shall not appear as if the owners never entered it save on ceremonial occasions. Whether a room is pleasing and cosy or not does not depend upon the elegance or costliness of its fittings. The simplest furniture, if tastefully arranged as regards color and position, often looks better than the handsomest products of the cabinet maker's skill.

There are some delicate impulses that a good woman cannot resist; she cannot help putting three hair pins and a spare shoe lace into the first shaving mug she sees. Women are better then men in this respect.

The remains of a balloon have recently been found on the coast of Ireland. In the car were human bones—an incomplete skeleton—and a leather travelling bag containing papers so moldy as not to be deciphered. It is conjectured that this was the balloon in which the aeronaut Price ascended during the siege of Paris.

One of Brigham Young's sons, who has been for over two years a student at the Annapolis Naval Academy, and has stood well in his class, has become disgusted with nautical pursuits and resigned.

The Champion scholar has turned up. Being asked to sign his initials to a document, he wanted to know "what nishuls were." "Why, your name being George Gould, you want two Gs." "Oh, I see," he said, and wrote "2 Geeze."

The great cafe of Venice, Florian's, on the piazza of St. Mark, has never been closed, night or day, for one hundred and fifty years.

Fulfillment.

This is the hour I waited for,
Summer and winter, morn and night;
This is the threshold of the door
That shut me from my heart's delight.
Open at last, and none to stay
My feet from entering to-day;
For dumb and grimly impotent
Stand the old lions in the way.

This is the hour I waited for:
Silently in a dim despair
I cross the echoing corridor,
And mount the winding of the stair.
Her chamber lies a little space
Beyond the shadowy landing place;
I reach it—stop irresolute—
Then I behold her face to face.

This is the hour I waited for,
Through summer sun and winter rain;
And here the voiceless conqueror
Who makes my vigil all in vain.
Frozen and white from head to feet,
My love lies in her winding-sheet,
Sealed from my touch forevermore
Her lips and eyes that were so sweet.

This is the hour I waited for:—
Every condition to fulfill
I toiled unwearied, and forebore
For heat nor cold, for good nor ill.
Naught that availed for ministry
Too little or too great could be;
To all things else indifferent,
Early and late were one to me.

This is the hour I waited for—
Passionate purpose, love and pain,
Have waged their ineffectual war,
And these the trophies that remain;
A girl's face fixed in marble cold,
Two pale hands crossed upon her breast,
And one heart emptied of delight
By Life's fulfillments. God knows best!

Christmas with the Pippernickles.

BY ALBERT C. WIGGIN.

Everybody has now heard of the delights of Mt. Desert Island in summer, and of its cool, breezy situation, just at the threshold of the wild Atlantic. The fame has gone forth through the world of those evergreen forests pervaded by pungent balsamic odors, and of towering mountains commanding a glorious panorama of the radiant blue sea. But this wide knowledge and popular appreciation of the wonderful rural advantages of the island will, alas, in a season or two more, have converted a quiet Arcadian retreat into the conventional sea-side resort, crowded by the "high-flyers at fashion."

It was, indeed, a restful life I was passing one summer at Bar Harbor, Mt. Desert; a rest, however, which did not consist of inaction. I held aloof, with perhaps some scorn, from my inert fellow-visitors who lounged about the little hotels, and bored each other with conversational inanities and croquet. My scorn was born of a superior knowledge of the bracing and exhilarating mountain air, of the pleasure there is even in getting tired from a long tramp, and also of the excitement of pulling in a rock-cod or even a cunner, while the little boat was rocked by the restless waves. So it was my wont to return each evening to my tiny cottage-like hotel, (of pretentious name and poor accommodations,) tired and woe-begone of appearance, and really a little lonesome at heart, though possessing an indistinct idea that I was right cheerful, and that too, at the twilight hour when the summer visitors were taking their promenade upon the one rough street, innocent, as yet, of a side-walk. I remember how a few oldish young ladies from the cities stared at me, as if I did not belong to the genus homo, and adroitly saved their skirts from brushing my dusty pantaloons. Perhaps it was uncharitable, though it then accorded with my mood, to think that the dresses were all of the style of a previous year, and that the wearers were, for economy's sake, taking a secluded summering at The Harbor, wearing old clothes in a sort of chrysalis state, only to emerge and shine resplendent butterflies next season at Saratoga and Newport. Possibly my criticism was unjust, for we are ever severe when sick, as Lowell says, of no worse distemper than ourselves. Be that as it may, I scanned their faces, and—sour bachelor that I was—declared they did not possess a single attractive feature. My communings with Nature in her freest moods lacked the charm or an appreciative companionship, for I was never so self-sufficient as not to need social stimulus. And so one evening, as I pulled off my boots at my then usual bed-time, 9 o'clock, I confessed to myself that this was, after all, but a lonesome life. I sat up long enough to smoke another cigar and think it over; before that glowing cigar-stub went out of the window, the determination had been made to leave the island very soon. I went to bed in that dreary, inexpressible state of mind known only to lone, lorn bachelors of pensive inclinations.

Next day the little steamer arrived, bringing more visitors. I was at the wharf when she bumped it, and gazed with idle curiosity on the new comers as they filed along the gang-plank. Among them was a young lady who held my attention from the first. She was with a sedate elderly gentleman, and a well preserved old lady. The young woman walked ashore with graceful step, revealing unconsciously a pair of charming little feet, such as men always look at when they can. Her figure was tall and elegant; her dark hair worn in braids; complexion not exactly fair; features classically regular, and of winning expression. Her eyes pleased me then, and afterward I found them constantly surprising. Sometimes they were, in color, a light blue or hazel, clear, iridescent and changeful, and at other times they appeared a decided grey, with lambent lights in them, and always full of magnetism. Does my description seem extravagant? Then bring to your mind the finest woman of your acquaintance, and consider her counterpart the heroine of this little story.

The fair new comer and her friends stopped at my hotel, and were registered as "Rev. Elias Pendleton, wife and niece." Accommodations were so meagre that I gave up my room to the young lady, and flew one flight higher—up under the roof. It required a great stretch of the imagination to consider it a Mansard roof. This was gallantry on my part which surprised myself as much as it did the landlord.

No introductions took place, but we became acquainted that evening over our supper of fish-chowder, biscuit, and blueberries,—the regular bill-of-fare at Mt. Desert. At this first meal the conversation of the reverend uncle and his spouse was pleasantly commonplace, but even this was a relief considering the former social unattractiveness of the place. The young lady—who was addressed by her uncle as Miss Letitia—soon gathered the reins of conversation into her own hands, much to my joy. She was bright, quick to smile or laugh, and her cheerful gayety soon infected us all. And as a witty saying sounds most funny from fair lips, all she said seemed to sparkle. The advantages of a rich blooming health Miss Letitia did surely possess, as well as a social spell which came of the combination of many other pleasing qualities. Her airy manner was not wedded to conceit, though she had the palpable self-consciousness of a proud nature: she seemed endowed, too, with sense, and force of will.

"Ah," thought I on this occasion, "old Seneca was right in taking more care with *whom* he ate than *what*, saying that without pleasant company the table was no better than a manger."

Having seen a trunk in the hall marked "L. P." I settled in my mind without further conjecture that the young lady's name was Letitia Pendleton; no accident during our stay served to further enlighten me on that point.

Of course I prolonged my stay at the island. And for several happy days Miss Letitia was my companion on all excursions; she caring as little as I for those stupid straight jackets called the "conventionalities of society." We fished together, took long tramps through the woods, and to the tops of the mountains where we inhaled the salt breath of the ocean. To be sure the reverend uncle had for the first day or two made me uncomfortable with his presence, but he soon kept with his wife near the less romantic precincts of the house. You probably foresee that I fell in love, but for a long time I was only dimly conscious of it. But in point of fact I was ripe for the event. We, however, exchanged no tender confidences, as according to all light literature we ought to have done, at the end of the first week. It matters little what we did say during those Halcyon days. At last,—with shame 'tis recorded,—we quarrelled; though neither was really angry with the other; and what it was all about need not be indicated here. At this time I was compelled to cross to South West Harbor to see a newly arrived friend. The Pendleton party was to remain a month longer. I returned in a very few days, having meanwhile made some important resolves and framed some very pretty speeches to be delivered to Miss Letitia with a simulation of spontaneity. An unconsidered obstacle prevented, however; that was the absence of the niece and her relatives! The landlord only knew that they had received a batch of letters and then departed on the next steamer without explanation. He confessed to a dim idea that a note had been left for me by the young woman, but we searched long and in vain for it. On that occasion my emotions were too mingled for analysis; you can imagine them, but I did not realize until the wearying experience of long months had taught me, how fiercely I had been attacked by the distemper of love. Lonely before the advent of this fair vis tor, how much more dreary now was my life! I left Mt. Desert Island believing its name to be strangely appropriate, and lived again the old business life in the stifling city. With faith in the axiom that a burden becomes light by being well borne, I tried to be tolerably happy, though the pleasures which once were deeply genuine no longer touched the heart.

In answer to enquiries I only learned that the Rev. Elias Pendleton was settled in a far distant Western city. Considering my claims upon the attention of the niece rather slight, notwithstanding my infatuation, and remembering our quarrel, I could not decide to make the journey to see her. This statement is put forth timidly, for I am aware how it flies rashly in the face of all precedents established by the regular novel hero. Perhaps the hope I entertained of meeting Miss Letitia in Boston will a little modify the extravagance of the above. We had often spoken of Boston, and I had believed that city to be her home.

An old itch for scribbling was fully indulged by me now, though the dimmest hope did not enter my brain of ever seeing Jonathan Green,—that's my name,—eminent in Literature. Now it is humiliating to confess it, but the editors did treat me rather cavalierly. My manuscripts were always returned with the pithy endorsement "Unavailable." What a convenient word that is! How gently it lets one down from the pinnacle of expectation without shock to nervous susceptibility! It is the wonderful guillotine-blade which almost pleasantly decapitates. However, notwithstanding discouragements, I persisted in this fascinating work of composing, which Col. Higginson says he would "like to do in heaven." And while visiting some relatives in the country, I amused myself by writing a story which was given the high-sounding title of "High and Low, or The Freaks of Fortune." If I could only stop now to tell it, perhaps you would be interested to know how many hours the fate of my hero and heroine hung on the slender thread of uncertainty. For just whether "poetical justice" demanded their everlasting Misery or final Bliss, was very difficult to determine. This story-writing is something like the launching of a ship; 'tis hard and slow work to get her started, but when that is accomplished she moves off quite smoothly.

The autumn pageant was nearly over, when one afternoon I took a place on board the train for Boston; a traveling-bag in hand, plethoric with manuscript of the story. Business demanded my return to the city, and hope counseled me to make one more attempt to "rush into print." Sharing my seat was a traveler of noticeable appearance. A young man of good physique, with dark wavy hair, blue eyes, clear and pleasant, and a face which was handsome though not strongly masculine. His attire was faultless in cut and quality, but too showy to be tasteful. I had time to observe closely and I judged him to be the possessor of that half-feminine delicacy which even in so young a gentleman is far more pleasing to women than to men, but which in an older man is generally counted unbearable by both sexes, except, perhaps in France.

When our train thundered into the great city station, the passengers rushed out as if their respective lives depended on their departing on the minute. My fellow-traveler bustled out with the others. Too late the disagreeable fact became apparent that we had unintentionally exchanged traveling-bags! My manuscript was gone! But I did not moan long for its loss. Consolation came in the thought that in any case the story would probably never have been accepted and printed, and that one disappointment had only forestalled another more wounding to self-love.

No clue to the whereabouts of the owner was given by the valueless contents of the stranger's bag. A few articles of toilet were all, and they only suggested that he disliked foul hands and disagreeable odors, and that he would above all things resent being confounded with commonplace humanity.

Soon the whole matter was dismissed from my mind, and my *canite de auteur*, which had ever been of weakly growth, was slowly dying quite naturally. But it was suddenly electrified into life by no less event than the appearance of my lost story in the December number of a very popular monthly magazine. My story it surely was, letter for letter, but credited not to me, but to one Alexander Pippernickle. Was not such piracy exasperating and astonishing! I resolved to tweak this Pippernickle's nose!

Now the name Pippernickle was mighty in commercial circles, and though not personally acquainted, I knew that one Solomon Pippernickle was an eccentric old merchant-prince of English birth and Yankee enterprise. He was noted for his generosity; his promise was as good as his bond,—men said,—(of how few they can say it!) and his bond was as good as gold. I correctly conjectured that my exquisite fellow-traveler and plagiarist was no other than this "fine old English gentleman's" son Alexander. So assuming as fierce a manner as was possible for a naturally mild man, I called at the great Pippernickle warehouse and by good fortune found Mr. Alexander P. alone in his father's counting-room reposing his handsome limbs on the leathern sofa. He did not remember me, but I at once recognized the graceful Adonis. His reception of me was polite, but not enthusiastic; he evidently expected to be bored. As there is a strange pleasure in forcing a cool and undemonstrative person to evince emotion the thought that my moral bombshell would seriously disturb his equanimity, afforded me a malicious delight. So I exploded it, but his mask of icy self-discipline was not for a second dropped! I began to admire the fellow.

"I have been expecting you," he said, languidly, "and this explanation is just what I desire. Now you see the gov'nor (I mean father,) has just got me through college, and I am just at present, his 'elephant.' I don't think you would imagine father to have much poetry in his soul, nevertheless one pet dream he has a long time cherished, and that is of an author in our family. How the old gentleman became possessed with this wonderful respect for literature I cannot guess, unless it is because he never reads anything himself. Well he was determined that I should be an author. He urged and even commanded me to write, making generous promises in case of success, until at last in despair I retired to rural quiet and tried. Having no literary talent or imagination, of course I failed to produce anything. I was returning home to the city, depressed in spirits, when your manuscript fell into my hands like—ahem!—like manna from heaven, as you might say. I took it to the editors of "The Monthly," and they engaged to print it in their magazine; they charged me nothing for I assured them that father would buy several hundred copies to give to friends."

Just here the real author felt quite crest-fallen.

The young man continued: "Here was temporary relief at least from the gov'nor's importunities, and when I thought of the "Rock me to sleep, mother" controversy, the danger of detection seemed slight. Your memorandum in pencil, made in one corner of the MSS. showed me the recent date of its completion, so I knew the story had never been before published. Now, my dear sir, I am ready to make all reasonable amends, pecuniary or otherwise, which you may demand."

This frankness quite won me over, and I laughingly told the fellow that in consideration of the peculiar circumstances of the case, as well as of my delight in seeing my writings for the first time in print, I freely forgave him.

"After all, Mr. Green," said Mr. Alexander Pippernickle, meditatively picking infinitessimal specks of lint from his coat-sleeve, "after all, I have been little more than your publisher, and as usual with publishers, I am likely to profit more by the publication than the author does himself. The old gentleman is delighted at my 'promising genius,' as he terms it, and I am sure of a stuffy pocket-book for some time to come. By the by, he is going to give a grand Christmas party in honor of my *debut* in literature. Members of the press and many literary people are coming. I suppose they all know that the gov'nor has rare wines and good cooks. You mustn't fail to be present, for you can do some quiet laughing in your sleeve;" and the young man gently dropped his left eye-lid.

At last I departed, having a card of invitation to the party in my pocket.

The happy Christmas time came; that rare festival season when everybody makes it a point to be joyful, and when human nature dons the lovely robes of charity and love. This Christmas with the Pippernickles was to be celebrated by a dinner-party, therefore I drove out early in the afternoon to their fine mansion, situated a few miles from the heart of the city. The day was gloomy, and nature seemed despoiled of every charm. Though not yet late when I arrived, every shutter was closed to exclude the dismal daylight, and throughout the great house the gas burned brilliantly. When the outer door was opened to admit me, the bright hospitable light glowed out and seemed like a kindly welcoming arm by which I was willingly embraced. The utter desolation and dreariness of the day made the inner brightness and warmth of our host's house seem all the more cheering and delightful.

It would be useless to particularize in regard to the luxurious yet perhaps too gaudy appointments of the Pippernickle mansion. In honor of the season, long festoons of evergreen had been made to droop gracefully from walls and pictures; great tropical plants threw out broad leaves in every corner, and massive bouquets of natural flowers made the air of each room heavy with perfume.

Old Mr. Solomon Pippernickle received me right cordially after my presentation by Alexander. The old gentleman's broad, good-humored face beamed with genuine hospitality; he seemed to have thoroughly caught the spirit of self-forgetful generosity, so fitting to the Christmas season. He was a large, ruddy-looking Englishman, with ample embonpoint; a crimson-lined face, and a shiny bald head. (In regard to this latter peculiarity I have often since heard him confidentially assert—"Every fool's head will grow hair, you know, and therefore I haven't any." I suspect this to be not entirely original.) In fact it did one good to look at him, while his loud jovial voice was pleasant to the ear. Mr. P.'s wife had been dead some years, I had been informed, and the only daughter performed the part of hostess. When I entered the reception-room this young lady's face was turned from the door, and she was engaged in conversation with some editors; but now she moved toward me and I was presented by the father to "My daughter, Miss Letitia Pippernickle." An elegant young lady gracefully bent before me, and then extended her exquisitely delicate hand in welcome. The hot blood rushed to my face,—I stared a moment, then stammered something in utter confusion, for there stood my fair charmer of Mt. Desert memory. However, it was greatly encouraging to see that Miss Letitia evinced much surprise and pleasure at the unexpected meeting. The *entente cordiale* was at once resumed, and we were deep in mutual explanations.

And so you see I had been all these dreary months inquiring through the world for Miss Pendleton—which I stupidly thought the name to be,—while the fair object of my search bore her real name and lived in the same city with myself. How natural it is to put faith in coincidences though they are quite often deceitful.

"'Tis strange," said Miss Pippernickle, "that you could have remained so long mistaken, Mr. Green, for my own name must have been spoken on many occasions while we were at Mt Desert."

"Well," answered I, tritely, "it is but another evidence of the power of the human mind to resist knowledge!" I found Miss Letitia the same joyous, bright and charmingly familiar Spirit who accompanied me in my Summer rambles. How my heart thrilled again in hearing her loved voice,—in again coming under the spell of her magnetic eyes, I need not tell you here. Indeed, I am now come to that part of my narrative where it is impossible to be particular without being tedious.

This was too lively a Christmas party to admit of long exclusive conversations; but I met my hostess again later in the evening. The brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen filled the parlors, and all were exceedingly merry, for it was ever the rule when one passed Christmas with the Pippernickles to lay aside those stiff airs so chilling always to real social enjoyment.

When the guests entered the long dining-room, they found the tables sumptuously laden with seasonable cheer. Ah! gladly would I attempt a full description if I thought the delightful odors, the toothsome dainties, the marvelous works of cookery, and the brilliant sparkle of the rare wines, would appear more than by name. The dinner was a triumph, and everybody had felt sure it would be, as for years old Solomon Pippernickle had held the reputation of knowing how to keep this glorious festival as well as any man living. And how can what passed at this dinner be chronicled? The sallies of wit in proposing healths, the brilliant repartees! Each guest seemed to have caught the inspiration of the time.

After one or two of the regular toasts had been drank, the editor-in-chief of "The Monthly" arose and delivered a speech, fulsome in praise of my story credited to Alexander Pippernickle. (That young gentleman sat opposite me, gorgeously attired, radiant, perfumed, exquisite.)—The editor ended his remarks by saying, "And now, friends, fill your glasses and heartily drink to the success in the Republic of Letters, of the promising young author in the family of our host!"

I quickly raised my eyes and met the half-embarrassed, half-humorous look of the young fellow. He leaned across the table and whispered, "Really, Mr. Green, I can't endure this,—with you sitting here, too. I am going to get up and make a clean breast of it."

"For God's sake *No*," said I, 'twonid be cruel to undeceive your father now!"

And so he arose and simply but gracefully acknowledged the compliment.

Taking the cue, after this many newspaper scribes arose and played upon the title of the story, and attempted to praise its construction; thus unconsciously many times showing that they had really never given it a perusal.

But through all, old Mr. Pippernickle looked beamingly gratified and quite alarmingly red.

Are your glasses filled, ladies and gentlemen?" said our host, just before we left the table. They were.

"Well, then, here's to the health of my little visitors in the back parlor."

After drinking the toast, we, many of us, proceeded to the apartment mentioned and there was a sight to brighten any eye. For the poor children of the whole parish were being entertained with a feast as delightful to their simple tastes as had been our more costly one to us. Ah! good old Solomon Pippernickle never forgot the poor, and many a family table was heavy at this time with good cheer, which but for him would have been bare indeed. He ever realized that during this feast-time, when wealth and luxury are most highly prized,—poverty has a harder, keener grief!

How happy were these children! All little tongues in gleeful motion,—all eyes unusually sparkling—each laugh a Christmas Carol. Their pure souls, uncovered by joy, could be easily read on their sweet faces.

It came to pass, that within a draperied bow-window of this room I summoned courage to remind Letitia of the quaint superstition of "Ye olden tyme," which supposed it to be possible for a maiden to summon at Christmas, by a certain charm—her future husband to her side. What her reply would have been, I know not, for just then a little urchin pulled aside the curtain and said to his neighbor, "O my eye, Billy, look in there."

However, ere the next Christmas at Pippernickle's, Letitia was my wife. Before that happy party came off, dear old father P. had been informed of the fraud by which he had been deceived. He received the confession very good-naturedly and turning to me made some very gracious remarks about "having in Mr. Green an *author in the family after all*."

He has taken Alexander into the firm, and asks no literary labor from him. The young man is just now out west, visiting his uncle and aunt Pendleton.

This coming Christmas Tide of '76 will be the third since the happy one of which there is record here, and at this next Pippernickle Christmas party there will be present a red-faced gentleman (now exceedingly young) who will for the first time be introduced to his grandfather, who is as yet quite ignorant of his existence. And on the occasion—remembering the old gentleman's favorite hobby,—my wife and I propose to introduce our darling with some appropriate words referring to ourselves as being the authors of so interesting an edition. Then will the great sunny heart of Pippernickle the elder be agitated with joy, and for all we feel quite sure it will be A Merry Christmas.

An Actor's Dilemma.

There was a time—well, say about twenty years ago—when the almighty dollar was to Wm. J. Florence a rather scarce article, and he did not have so many of them in his possession as he is reputed to have now—not by a large majority. About that time the lady who has been his companion on and off the stage ever since, and who may be said to be the lesser light in this theatrical constellation, became Mrs. Wm. J. Florence, and the newly married pair started out in their long and bright career across the theatrical firmament.

It happened that soon afterwards they played a two weeks' engagement at Baltimore "on shares," as by the terms of their engagement with the manager it was nominated in the bond. To play on shares now with Billy Florence meant money for both actor and manager, but in those days the managers got the lion's share. On examining their assets Mr. and Mrs. Florence found that if they paid their fare to Cleveland, where their next engagement called them, there would not be enough money left to liquidate their hotel bill—not by a g.r. I. On the other hand, to pay the hotel bill would not leave enough money to pay their fare to Cleveland. The awkward dilemma lengthened even the merry face of Billy Florence, and he paced the room, turning over various expedients. Mrs. Florence was in tears, and little Rachel, refused to be comforted. As usual, the woman's brain was the first to see a clear way through the difficulty.

"I tell you, Billy," she at length said, stopping her tears, "it won't do not to pay the bill, and we have got to go to Cleveland. You go to Mr. Gilmore, who keeps the hotel, tell him the difficulty we are placed in, and perhaps he will trust us."

"I'll do it," said Billy; "but suppose he says no, he dad—what will we do then?"

Mr. Florence went down the stairs in fear and trembling. He approached Mr. Gilmore, the hotel proprietor, three or four times, but retreated, unable to muster the necessary courage. Mr. Gilmore, catching sight of him, came up with extended hand, "Oh, Mr. Florence, you are just the man I was looking for. I want you to go out and take a ride with me this afternoon." Florence accepted, a puzzled look in his face and a load off his mind that something would turn up to enable him to broach the subject. The ride extended quite a distance through the beautiful suburbs around Baltimore, and Florence waited in vain for a pause in the conversation where the introduction of the subject of his financial condition, present and prospective, would not be too awkward and *malapropos*. On their way back Gilmore, turning suddenly to Billy, said: "I understand, Mr. Florence, you are going to Cleveland? Well, now, I met a gentleman that had bought two tickets for Cleveland and then concluded not to go. Here they are. Let me present them to you." Already amazed, his astonishment deepened as Mr. Gilmore proceeded, "Now as to that board bill; I understand you haven't been so successful as you expected, and we'll let it stand until you come this way again." It was a heavy load that had been lifted from his mind. With light heart he and his wife went to Cleveland, where they played a very successful engagement, out of the proceeds of which the indebtedness at Baltimore was quickly paid.

Years afterwards Mr. Florence, finding himself at Washington, stopped at the hotel kept by the same Mr. Gilmore whom he had met at Baltimore. The acquaintance was joyfully renewed by Mr. Florence, who reverted to their first meeting, and explained the dilemma out of which he had been lifted.

"I don't understand it to this day," he added. "Well," said Mr. Gilmore, "your room in the hotel was next to mine, and I accidentally overheard you and your wife going over your difficulties. I heard her crying, and I made up my mind that you and she should go straight on to Cleveland without anything to trouble or harass. That ride was a put-up job to let you out. See?" [St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Bangor Commercial is responsible for this interesting bit of news: A short time since the quiet place of South West Harbor had a sensation. It was an elopement. A vessel came one day from Machias, and among the crew was a dashing young man whom no one in that place knew. He speedily made himself at home not being in the least bashful. He soon made the acquaintance of a young lady who seemed to be very favorably impressed with him upon a short acquaintance. They made an engagement to attend a dance together that evening. The ladies parents objected decidedly to this and sent her to bed. At 11 o'clock in the evening however the impetuous damsel joined her lover by a flying leap out of a chamber window. She went on board the vessel with him immediately, after which the vessel sailed and nothing has been heard from them since.

Speaking of the recent fall of a theatre floor in that city, the Sacramento Record-Union says: "While all was darkness after the fall, and the air was full of the shouts, groans and prayers of the terror-stricken mass of struggling humanity, one man, who, it subsequently transpired, was scarcely injured, knelt down and prayed loudly and fervently, but was interrupted presently by a voice from beneath him, which said very mildly, as if hesitating to interrupt, "Wont you please stop praying for a moment and move off my face."

Faithful Dhu.

Among the farmers in the market-place at Falkirk stood Duncan MacGregor. He had come down from his farm in the mountains of Argyleshire with sheep, and having finished his business, was preparing for his journey home, which lay through some of the finest scenery in Argyleshire. As he turned into the stable-yard where his horse was put up, his attention was caught by a howl from a dog, evidently in great pain. Turning round, he saw a collie puppy, who had just received a kick from a drunken farmer, who was now reeling out of sight. MacGregor picked up the dog, and, upon examination, found one of his forelegs broken. Carrying him into the inn, he inquired to whom he belonged. Nobody knew anything about him. He looked starved and miserable, and evidently had been neglected for some days. On finding himself gently handled and spoken to, the puppy left off howling, and looked at his new protector with an expression of astonishment, evidently unaccustomed to such usage, which soon turned to one of instinctive trust. Procuring some splints of wood, MacGregor set and bound up his leg, and then fastened him into a basket, which he placed in his gig. Then he went into the stables, where he was greeted by a loud neigh; in a few minutes he returned, followed by a handsome, strong-built Scotch pony, which, though rough and shaggy, showed marks of his Arab blood in delicate muzzle and small pointed ears. Bluebell was soon harnessed, and they started on their way. MacGregor was one of those few people who love and thoroughly understand animals. He had found the secret of managing them. They were not to him "hewers of wood and drawers of water," to do his work, and to be treated and cared for just as was needful not to lose by them; but to him they were, what they ought to be to every true man, God's gift, to be loved and cared for as such, and for the use of which he was one day to give an account. All the animals of his farm obeyed and loved him. He showed them that he loved them, and did not fear them, and they gave to him, what the most cruelty treatment or the longest wrongly called "breaking in" could never have obtained, their full submission.

Their first night's resting-place was at a small inn on the shore of a large loch. After seeing to Bluebell's comfort, M

LOUISIANA.

Important Testimony by Supervisors and Others.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 14.

Clover was before the committee again today, and read what he said was a copy of a protest and affidavit under section 26, filled with his consolidated statement, though yesterday he swore he had not filed such protest and affidavits. It was developed that the affidavits and protests were dated Nov. 23d, and were made up in the Custom House nearly three weeks after the election. If these documents appear with the package of returns as laid before the board, it is evident that perjury has been committed, for Clover swore that his statement was made up and sworn to in Baton Rouge. If the jurat is made to cover this interpolated document, he is guilty of forgery as well as perjury, and such appears to be the case.

Two Supervisors, Bordeaux of Assumption and Ward of Grant, testified to the instructions received by them through circular letter from Jewett, chairman of the republican campaign committee, to the effect that they should return certain stipulated republican totals and fixed republican majorities, and promising them ample and generous reward in case of compliance. Ward related how he had left his parish and come to New Orleans before the election, how the Democrats persuaded him to consent to go back and hold the election, and how Kellogg gave him written instructions to that effect and then sent him word by Frank Marey and Jewett that he was not to comply with the instructions.

Judge Phillips, a republican, who canvassed for the Democratic state ticket, testified that a number of colored voters supported the Democratic ticket at the last election, but in some parishes they were subjected to threats of violence by the colored republicans.

A colored man belonging in the city swore that he was violently assaulted and beaten by other colored men because he had voted the Democratic ticket. He was much battered and bruised.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 15.

The crowd was not admitted to the sessions of the House committee to-day.

Henry Carroll, colored, formerly a republican, living five miles below the city, was threatened, and attempts made to take his life for voting the Democratic ticket. A man was shot dead, being mistaken for witness.

Wm. Ward, colored, of Grant parish, testified that in 1874 he was shot and knocked in the head by republicans, because he wanted to run for the legislature. He was a republican, and had to leave the State because he knew too much. He took his seat in the legislature, although he was fairly beaten at the polls. Ward is now a Democrat.

O. E. Morgan testified, Live in New Orleans; talked with supervisor Anderson and Gov. Kellogg before election. Mr. Anderson did not think it safe to return to East Feliciana, but Gov. Kellogg instructed him to return and arrange for the negroes to vote at two or three places and elect members to the legislature. Talked with Anderson after the election. Anderson told him the Democrats had carried the parish, one republican vote being polled. On meeting-day some white men came to Anderson's office and said he ought to be hung, but they did not otherwise molest him. Morgan claims to be a republican, and was a clerk in the custom house; was discharged Nov. 10th, but frequented the custom house afterwards; saw a number of persons there making out affidavits; knew in some instances that they were not in accordance with testimony given in regard to intimidation, etc. Witnesses were mostly negroes brought here by deputy marshals from the country; talked with Supervisor Clover of E. Baton Rouge, who said it was peaceable there on the day of election, but Clover did not consider it safe to remain there after election. Clover told Morgan after the election that he had thrown out some boxes and elected three republicans to the legislature; conversed with Supervisor Leday of Lafourche, before and after election. Leday told witness that the parish was Democratic, but it would go all right; he was not there for any foolishness. He would throw out enough polls to elect the republicans. He said nothing about intimidation. Witness was advised not to go before the congressional committee, as he would not get his place back in the custom house if he testified.

John Petty (colored) testified. He resides in Algiers; voted the Democratic ticket at the late election. Attempts were afterwards made on his life. He was shot and beaten by colored men because he voted the Democratic ticket. Negroes had been threatened with all sorts of punishment if they voted the Democratic ticket. They were told that Gen. Sheridan was coming and that every Democratic negro would be shot. They were warned also that they and their children would be put back into slavery if they got the Democrats in power; that they could no longer have any schools. Some of the negroes did not desire to vote, saying it was no use; it did them no good. They were told that if they did not vote their names would be taken and that they would see what came of it. He had made two speeches during the campaign, one at Tunisburg and the other at Mr. Slaton's plantation. While making a speech at Tunisburg the negroes had frequently interrupted him with threats of his life saying that every Democratic negro would have his throat cut and his heart cut out.

Mr. Morrison, of the House Committee telegraphs to Speaker Randall as follows—

Every obstacle has been and will be interposed to hinder this committee in the discharge of its duty. The republican witnesses have been threatened and dare not testify without incurring loss of position and personal danger. The production of papers and telegrams is refused. It is believed upon assurance of protection from Washington. Without the power of the house to enforce obedience to its process the committee cannot discharge its duty. The House should remain in session.

What Grant and Hayes are Reported to Say.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18. The Tribune reports President Grant as saying yesterday afternoon that he has so far received no official information of unlawful movements in Indiana or elsewhere; that he has been informed that efforts to inflame the people there met with a very faint response, and he believes the loyal sentiment of the people there and elsewhere will prevent any outbreak. He expressed gratification at the conservative spirit shown by Southern leaders, and is glad to know that conservative men of both parties are opposed to any but a peaceful solution of the present complications. If any emergency does arise the President said he should not hesitate to execute his constitutional authority. Whoever is formally declared by the President of the Senate to have been elected will be recognized by General Grant; to that person will he surrender the reins of authority. It is not his desire to force upon the people any particular person, but he will see that the person declared to be elected as his successor is placed in possession of the Government. He is not judge of the election. When the question is determined his duty will be plain.

Gen. Grant says that before and since the election he had used his executive power only for the enforcement of laws and the preservation of peace, and such an exercise of the power conferred upon him he would continue until the last moment of his responsibility. He does not think that a Government which has withstood the shock of four years' battle will now fall before the clamor of a mob. The power of the President to call out the militia of the States in the event of any attempt to resist the inauguration of the President legally declared to be elected, is one which Gen. Grant will not hesitate to use should any occasion arise. He said that it is his recollection that during the riots in New York in 1863 a portion of the National Guard of the Empire State was called out by the direct authority of the President and co-operated with the regular United States troops in the suppression of the disturbance. The World reports the remarks of President Grant yesterday the same as in the Tribune.

[Correspondence of the New York Herald.]

CHICAGO, Dec. 15th, 1876.

It is positively stated here to-day, by a gentleman of unquestionably trustworthy character, that a republican leader of great prominence in the Western States, and who is known to maintain strictly confidential relations with Governor Hayes, is now on his way to Washington, with the sanction of the republican Presidential candidate, to propose, and if found practicable, conclude an arrangement, in the nature of a compromise, between the most influential members of the republican party and such prominent conservative Southern democrats as Congressmen Lamar, of Mississippi, and Ben Hill, of Georgia, on the basis of the assent of the latter to the unchallenged declaration of Hayes' election and the inauguration of Hayes as President, with the assurance of a satisfactory division of Cabinet officers and other positions of honor and profit under the federal administration.

FIRE IN AUGUSTA. A row of wooden buildings on the river side of Water street was burned on Thursday morning, with a loss of from thirty to forty thousand dollars. The following is a list of the sufferers: J. S. Hendee, photographic establishment; Mrs. V. T. Blackwell, millinery, in Hendee's building; Vickery & Rogers' job printing office; C. A. Wadsworth, tailoring establishment; Fuller & Capen, Singer sewing machine; J. S. Johnson, drug store; George W. Jones, auctioneer; I. C. Hovey, musical instruments; J. H. Dolliver, furniture; Rev. Dr. Quimby, Gospel Banner office; J. D. Robbins, harness store; B. S. Wright, fish market.

Democratic Address.

Last week, the Democratic National Committee, in view of the impotent and fraudulent claim that Hayes had been elected, and to counteract in some degree the Republican clamor on the subject, put forth the following address—

ROOMS OF THE NAT'L. DEM. COMMITTEE,
Washington, Dec. 13, 1876.

To the People of the United States:

The National Democratic Committee announce as the result of the Presidential election held on the 7th of November, the election of Samuel J. Tilden of New York, as President, and Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana, as Vice President of the United States. We congratulate you on this victory for reform. It now only remains for the Houses of Congress in the performance of their duty on the second Wednesday in February next, to give effect to the will of the people thus expressed in the constitutional mode, by a majority of the electoral votes and confirmed by a majority of all the states as well as by an overwhelming majority of all the people of the United States.

By order of the Executive Committee.

ABRAM S. HEWITT, Chairman.
FRED'K O. PRINCE, Secretary.

As soon as this had gone abroad, Zack Chandler, in pursuance of his plan to claim the election, and to reiterate the claim, as if the very persistency might have some effect, issued the following—

Washington, Dec. 13. An address has tonight been issued by the democratic committee. It is the last desperate attempt to prop a falling cause. Gov. Hayes has been fairly elected by a clear majority of the electoral votes. There is no indication that any right minded citizen has a doubt as to the result. The address to the democratic committee is an impudent and audacious attempt. Hayes and Wheeler are elected, and the will of the American people will be carried out and maintained. Z. CHANDLER, Chairman of the Republican National Committee.

Florida.

GEN. BARLOW'S REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15. Gen. Francis C. Barlow, who attended the canvass of the vote in Florida, at Gen. Grant's request, reports the result of his observations in a long letter addressed to President Grant. He says he can not tell which way the state really went, but that if he had been a member of the Board of Canvassers, he would not have thrown out the returns from certain strong Democratic precincts which he names, the rejection of which secured Gov. Hayes's majority of nine hundred. He questions the justice of throwing out certain polls in Monroe county, by which a Democratic majority of 67 was turned into a Republican majority of 275. He entirely disapproves the throwing out of Manatee county, which gives a Democratic majority of 236. Several other polls are specified where the Democrats had small majorities, and which Gen. Barlow believed ought not to have been thrown out, and adding together all the others which he appears to think the Democrats entitled to, and subtracting those which the Republicans were not entitled to, the electors had a clear majority over the Hayes electors. Gen. Barlow concludes his report as follows: "Although I understand perfectly what the result would be if the Board had decided the several cases mentioned as I should have decided them, yet I do not feel sure to-day whether the vote as actually cast gave a Hayes or a Tilden majority. Several attacks were made on the Republican side which the Board passed over hurriedly or did not decide at all, and which seemed to me to have a good deal of force in them. The reason I presume, was that the time being very short, and the action, as had, giving Republican majorities, other cases of contest were passed over. What the result would have been if all the cases had been fully considered I cannot say." Accompanying the report is a letter from Comptroller Cowgill, one of the Board of Canvassers, and also the protest of Attorney-General Cocke. In regard to the vote of Manatee county, where there was no registration of voters, Mr. Cocke charges the fact to dereliction of duty by Gov. Stearns in not appointing a County Clerk to make the registry. Of Jasper and Archer precincts, he says the proof was not strong enough to warrant a rejection of the vote. Of Key West, Ward No. 3, he says—

In rejecting the vote polled at Precinct No. 3 in the county of Monroe, I claim the right, before final action of the Board of State Canvassers, to reconsider my vote there for the purpose of sustaining the returns from said precinct, for the reason that it complies substantially with the requirements of the law on the canvassing and returns in the State of Florida.

Congress.

The United States Senate spent the day Thursday in discussing the Louisiana election. The House passed a resolution providing for a special committee to confer with a committee of the Senate about counting the electoral votes, and another to report upon the powers and duties of the House in respect to the same matter. The post route bill of last session was then discussed until the adjournment, and the Senate amendments reviving the fast steam service and the franking privilege were rejected.

The United States Senate continued the discussion of the Oregon business Friday, but reached no conclusion. The House, before passing a bill to pay the expenses of the investigating committees, took occasion to discuss the Louisiana election. The post office appropriation bill was then taken up in committee of the whole, and was finally reported to the House.

In the House on Saturday, a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report what action the House should take to enforce the production of telegraph dispatches by the Western Union Telegraph Co., was passed.

The House then proceeded to the special order, which was the delivery of eulogies on the late Speaker Kerr. Eulogies were pronounced by Messrs. Hamilton, Kelley, Raymond, Monroe, Holman, Burchard, Cox, Clymer and others; resolutions of sorrow were adopted and the House adjourned.

The United States Senate have failed to pass over the President's veto, the bill reducing the President's salary to $25,000. The vote was 25 to 19, lacking 5 of the requisite two-third majority. The Senate on Monday agreed to the appointment of a joint committee to report on the proper method of counting the electoral vote, and continued the discussion of the Oregon matter. Mr. Knott offered in the House a bill committing the whole matter of counting the electoral votes, with full power, to a joint assembly of the two Houses of Congress, in which all questions shall be decided by a spoken vote of each member present, the majority to rule.

In Senate, on Tuesday, the Massachusetts Senators formally presented from that state the statues of Adams and Winthrop for the National Statuary Hall, and they were accepted with thanks. The Oregon discussion was continued.

In the House a resolution was adopted to adjourn for one week from the 20th. The fortification bill was passed. It appropriates $250,000.

From South Carolina.

NEW YORK, 19.

A Columbia dispatch gives the following correspondence:

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, COLUMBIA, Dec. 18, 1876.

Sir: As governor of South Carolina chosen by the people thereof, I have qualified in accordance with the constitution. I hereby call upon you as my predecessor in the office, to deliver up to me the great seal of state, together with possession of the State House, the public records, and all other matters and things appertaining to said office.

Respectfully your obedient servant,
(signed) WADE HAMPTON, Governor.
To D. H. Chamberlain, Esq.

Reply.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, COLUMBIA, Dec. 18, 1876.

Sir: I have received the communication in which you call upon me to deliver up the great seal of state, &c., &c. I do not recognize in you any right to make the foregoing demand, and I hereby refuse compliance therewith.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
(Signed) D. H. CHAMBERLAIN,
Governor of South Carolina.
To Wade Hampton, Esq.

It is believed the first trouble will originate with the different county officers appointed.

The bill to prevent and punish persons setting up a government in opposition to a legitimate government, passed the Republican House yesterday, and was sent to the Senate. A bill was introduced authorizing the governor to appoint 500 special constables to protect witnesses in attendance.

Those Telegrams.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15. William Orton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, has informed Hon. William R. Morrison, in response to subpœnas served upon employes of that company, that it has been decided to decline, very respectfully, to permit employes to produce before any committee of either House of Congress messages sent or received by the representatives of either the Democratic or the Republican party, at least, until after Congress shall have approved the subpœnas of the committees, and directed that their demands be enforced.

Mr. Morrison telegraphed the following reply from New Orleans: "I have nothing to do with your motives for refusing to obey the process of the House of Representatives. My duty will be performed by invoking its aid in the enforcement of such process."

Charles G. Haines of Portland has in his possession a gold ring containing a lock of the hair of President Andrew Jackson, bequeathed to his father, the late Hon. Augustine Haines of Biddeford, by the late President Pierce.

Mr. Duffey of Oakland, Cal., went to a masquerade ball recently in the character of a giraffe. He had to drink three bottles of champagne in order to wet his throat all the way down, and they carried him home on a shutter.

The conclusions reached by Fire Marshal Kendy on the Brooklyn calamity are printed. The principal cause of the disaster is attributed to a lack of the ordinary precautions against fire on the part of the managers and their employes.

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The Course for the Conservatives.

The Republican party came into existence as the offspring of agitation and strife. It has grown and thriven upon civil disorder and the rousing of the evil passions of men. Like Milton's Satan, its motto has always been, "evil, be thou my good." It never had a triumph that was not sectional, sinister and threatening to the peace and welfare of the country. Its policy has been to goad its adversaries into illegal acts, or something that could be tortured into a resemblance to illegality; and then, having placed them constructively in the wrong, appear in the disguise of conservators of the public peace. Thus, while professing to advance the interests of law and order, it has fostered and promoted the wildest and most dangerous schemes against the welfare of the country.

It has been a misfortune that there have not been wanting among its opponents extreme and violent men whose utterances could be seized upon, paraded as examples of the feelings of all, and thus powerfully aid its bad purposes. The excited and dangerous state of public feeling that preceded the rebellion was largely owing to this cause. It was used to "fire the northern heart" all through the bloody scenes of the actual conflict. And there have, ever since the war closed, been found here and there something of the kind to fling broadcast over the land as a means to the same bad end.

The country is now confronted by a state of things which the Republican party is straining every nerve to make its opportunity for placing the Democracy in a false position. The game which Zack Chandler and his brethren are playing is as bold and unscrupulous as at any time in their political history. The rotten borough system which their policy founded in the South is being used to set up a fraudulent claim to success in the Presidential election. The cheat is so transparent that decent and fair-minded members of their own party confess that it ought not to succeed, and many more, of as strong a sense of justice but less courage, secretly hope that it may not. Nevertheless, the pretence of that they have elected Mr. Hayes will be kept up with violent assertion, denunciation of their opponents, and the utmost flourish of trumpets by press and speakers. The hope that inspires all this is obvious—a hope that members of the Democratic party may be goaded into some expressions, or threats, or acts which may be tortured into an intention of violence or armed opposition. That is precisely what they desire above all things. Then will go forth the cry of a new rebellion—the concentration of troops, the raising of new armies, secret midnight arrests of prominent Democrats, and the filling of government Bastiles with prisoners of state—all to be followed by the inauguration of Hayes in the presence of an immense army. And thus would history repeat itself.

There is wisdom enough in the Democratic party to avoid this trap, so invitingly set for their destruction. The experience is too recent, the participants still too numerous in active life, and the memories of former tactics too fresh, for a wholesale repetition at this time. We should pursue Fabian generalship, and let the enemy tire himself out with his own marching and counter-marching. Let us plant ourselves on the impregnable legal strength of our position, our rights under the laws, and appeal to the sense of justice of the whole people and to the national conscience. But let there be no hot-head talk of a resort to arms, of bayonets, guns and blood. States can be saved without the sword.

If the Republican party is determined to pursue the course it has begun—if this great crime against self-government is to be perpetrated, despite remonstrances and protests—the penalty will not fail to be visited upon its authors. Every man who shall have a conspicuous part in such an assassination of the vital principle of our government will be stamped with the brand of public opinion as a desperado. The party that supports it will be annihilated by popular wrath, and perish from the face of the earth. The people of this country will not support the arbitration of arms, neither will they suffer the rule of a despotism of demagogues, longer than its extinction by the forms of law can be decreed through a further appeal to the ballot box.

In this district the office of Inspector held by D. L. Pitcher located at this port and the office of Deputy Collector at North Haven held by Nelson Mullian have both been abolished. [Progressive Age.

Then the Pitcher is broken at the fountain, at last, but he has been a tough piece of official crockery. Mullin, whose stalk so suddenly withered at North Haven, is the man who entertained Grant at his house when the nation's official head got lost in a fog a few years ago. He was storekeeper at an annual salary of $100. If he had sent Grant a bull pup, with express charges paid, he might have held on three months longer.

Christmas.

Nearly nineteen centuries have passed since then, and yet the picture is as divinely bright and beautiful as if the Great Artist had laid aside his pencil but yesterday. The sheep nestling in snowy heaps upon the plain; the awe-struck shepherds kneeling before the heavenly messenger, whose radiant garments reflected the glory from whence he came; the sombre midnight sky suddenly springing into noonday lustre before the swift-beating wings of the angelic host; the still air throbbing with the music of that celestial hymn whose echoes will ring through all the ages, until Time's frail bark sinks in the ocean of Eternity; the stable in Bethlehem, consecrated by the beginning of the grandest life that ever blessed this sin and sorrow-stained world; the Virgin Mother clinging to the God-born child; the rude manger which cradled Him for whom Gethsemane and Calvary were waiting—how plainly we see them all! Generation after generation have taken up the loud tradition of redeeming love, lingered and wept over it, and transmitted it as the most precious of legacies to those who came after. Theologians have wrangled over the mysterious story, philosophers have smiled at it, sceptics have doubted it; yet neither the fierce championship of bigoted friends, nor the foolish scoffs of vindictive foes, have shaken its hold upon the heart of mankind. That story, so exquisitely simple yet so ineffably sublime, pulsates with a life which can never die. Since first it was told a thousand revolutions have swept the face of the earth; empires have risen and fallen; dynasties have strutted their brief hour and vanished away; opinions and usages, once supposed to be as immovable as the everlasting hills, have perished utterly; a larger and nobler knowledge has dawned upon the nations; the whole intellectual structure of the race has assumed another and broader phase of development—yet amid all this wreck and change the sweet legend survives, and bears no traces of the fiery trials through which it has passed. Nor is there the remotest possibility that the future, whatever fate it may have in store for the vast majority of those beliefs that are now regarded with a pious veneration which amounts to idolatry, will ever materially diminish, much less demolish, the gentle fascination, the sacred and tender charm, which make Christmas the holiest and happiest day of all the year.

Anniversaries, religious and secular, the world has in abundance; but there is only one which seems to lift itself and its associations above and beyond all national jealousies, all sectarian prejudicies, all the petty interests and passions which mar the brotherhood of man and draws a spontaneous tribute of reverential affection from universal Christendom. Like the star that guided the wise men of the east, and "went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was," Christmas shines with such a pure and perfect light that all other anniversaries "pale their ineffectual fires," and every eye salutes the soft and silvery rays which stream from the day hallowed by the memories of the Saviour's birth. On this Christmas day, then, if on no other, we can afford to remember our common origin and our common destiny; lay down the arms with which we have been waging life's bitter battle, call a truce in the sharp conflict which begins with the cradle and ends only at the grave—and clasp hands and join hearts while the white flag waves. On this Christmas day, if on no other, we can afford to forget the ambitions and animosities which vex the soul; despise "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;" lull to sleep the doubts and fears which sometimes make existence a burden too heavy to be borne, refuse to take cognizance of the inevitable to-morrow, with its heritage of cares and anxieties—and drink our fill of peace and joy. And if there are sad ghosts of the past, or grim spectres of the present, which will not down at any human bidding—surely on this Christmas day they may wear a kindlier visage and speak in milder accents. For this day, "so calm, so bright, the bridal of the earth and sky"—is full of hope and promise. It is dedicated to the best part of our better nature; it appeals to those intuitions of immortality implanted in every human breast; it teaches us that the struggle which we call life is only a prelude to a career free from all the obstructions and incumbrances which impede and annoy us here; it tells us that even as from the stable and the manger a Redeemer rose, so may we, from the hard and harsh surroundings and inexorable discipline of this lower sphere, look onward and upward to a dignity and an honor which sin and sorrow cannot touch, or death destroy.

The testimony of General Sheridan in regard to J. Madison Wells, Chairman of the Louisiana Returning Board, should not be forgotten. Sheridan in 1867 removed him from the Governorship of Louisiana, and at the same time wrote to the Secretary of War as follows—

I say now unequivocally, that Governor Wells is a political trickster and a dishonest man. * * * I have watched him since, and his conduct has been as sinuous as the mark left in the dust by the movement of a snake. I say again that he is dishonest, and dishonesty is more than must be expected of me.

Subsequently, writing to General Grant, General Sheridan said of the same eminent man—

He has embarrassed me very much since I came into command by his subterfuge and political chicanery. This necessary act will be approved by every class and shade of political opinion here. He has not one friend who is an honest man.

And this is the man that, by the Radical scheme, is to decide who shall be next President of the United States!

Senator Morton has returned from Indiana and says that Hendricks is fermenting mischief. He is organizing conventions to meet Jan. 8th to intimidate the Senate and to bulldoze the credulous into the belief that Tilden should be inaugurated.

How much wiser is the Indiana Sitting Bull than George Washington, Ben. Franklin, Tom. Jefferson and that crowd of unthinking fellows who put in the Constitution an article providing for "the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

A meeting of Democratic soldiers, at Cincinnati on Monday, to express their sentiments on the political situation, was broken up by a mob of Republican roughs and office holders, with shouts of "rebels," "traitors," &c. Isn't it just possible that these radical gentry are going too fast and too far?

It is horrible to imagine what might happen to this great and glorious country if the Northern and Southern Democrats could decide which of them should fight and which cry "s'boy!" [Portland Press.

There's no such division among our radical men and brethren in regard to *their* enterprises. When there's a chance to steal, they are remarkably unanimous.

The frauds of the Louisiana returning board are so barefaced, that even Republican candidates won't take their certificates. John J. Long, an active Republican of De Soto parish, whom they counted in to the Legislature, says he wasn't elected, and won't take the office.

When the Republicans tried to impeach President Johnson, they ransacked the telegraph offices and used all the despatches they wanted. Now, when the Presidential question is to be looked into, they cry out against the exposure of private telegrams.

The public will look with a good deal of interest for the result of the demand for the telegraph despatches sent by the Republican leaders. The howl set up about the matter indicates that there's something that scares them.

An English sea captain says he recently saw a sea serpent five hundred feet long and fifty feet across the back! That man in the White House will see bigger ones if he keeps on.

General Bartlett of Massachusetts, who made the eloquent and conservative speech at the celebration of the battle of Lexington, died last Sunday. He served through the late war.

A liquor seller in Saco hid his stock in the cellar, and sawed the ladder rounds half through. A searching officer had a narrow escape from a serious fall.

"Twelve of Us" is the title of an association of ladies in Rockland who manage leap year socables. That's the number of the Apostles; we hope none of them betray with a kiss.

If Hayes goes into the Presidency, he will achieve what Washington could not, and that is a recognized official title. He will thereafter be known as His Fraudulency.

After discussing in Congress for a couple of days a proposition to amend the constitution so that the Supreme Court should count the electoral vote, the plan was defeated.

The trial of Lucy Ann Mank for her second murder takes place in Lowell, Mass., this week. The court has appointed counsel for her, but she says she desires none.

Governor Grover of Oregon is coming to Washington bringing a pamphlet which fully and conclusively vindicates his course.

Mrs. Faller of Hallowell was so frightened by an alarm of fire that she fell dead.

In the U. S. District Court, Boston, Judge Lowell has decreed that the steamer Cambridge shall pay $3000 to the three porgy steamers that assisted her off from Monhegan last summer—the money to be divided among the masters, owners and crews.

Among the brightest, jolliest and most newsy sheets that come to our office is the Lewiston Daily Journal. It reaches us promptly by the evening train, filled with the freshest intelligence, displayed in attractive form.

They get rare game in Portland. We mentioned recently that owls were shot from church steeples. One day last week an organized hand bagged a South American coatee in a cellar on Danforth street. Will it be a kangaroo next?

There are bad stories about the President's private talk. He is reported as saying he doesn't care a damn for the Supreme Court of South Carolina; that if Congress impeached him he would transfer that body to Fortress Monroe; that New York city is a hot-bed of rebellion, and that he will bombard the place if they don't look out, and other similar wild threatenings. These expressions sound like words of a man pestered by things that he don't understand, and with nerves inured by rum and tobacco. [Boston Herald.

We thought so when reading that annual message. It had a terrible odor of whiskey.

The Hartford Courant, a decidedly Republican paper, publishes the following from "Templeton," its regular Boston correspondent—

There is a large section of the Republican party of Massachusetts who would much prefer that Mr. Hayes should not be declared President after all to owing him over the office to the declaration of the Returning Board of Louisiana. It comprises all the independent portion of the party, and a great many of the anti-Butler man. These views found voice in the Rev. James Freeman Clarke's sermon on Thanksgiving day, and they are also represented in the votes of Henry L. Pierce and Professor Seelye in Congress on the first day of the session. But there is another very important class in Boston who are quite as decided in this feeling. They are the business men among the Republicans. There is a wide spread feeling among them that, if there be any doubt, it ought to be decided in favor of Tilden—that the Republican party cannot afford to take the Presidency in the face of a disputed vote of the people, unless there be a more general acquiescence in its title than there now promises to be.

The Boston Herald is hoisting some of the radical papers of that city with their own petards. It quotes from the Daily Advertiser and the Journal articles which boldly condemn the administration for the former use of troops in the south—a course which they now applaud as dictated by law and wisdom. In January, 1875, the Advertiser said—

For years the great State of Louisiana, whose people have as good a right to be left alone to manage their own affairs as the people of Massachusetts, has been ruled, not by its own citizens, but by two carpet-baggers, holding federal office, and having the adroitness to enlist all the power of the Government upon their side in the inevitable confusion which they provoked. *Whenever the elections have not been carried in their favor, they have overthrown the returns by some jugglery like Judge Durrell's midnight order, or the manipulations of a Returning Board;* and, when that has not succeeded, orders from Washington have re-enforced them, and the people have had no alternative but to protest and bide their time.

Under such a state of things it is not becoming to be silent. This is the time when the voice of the Republican States should be heard.

* * * * * * *

I*f the soldiery may be employed to re-enforce a minority party in Louisiana*, how long will it be, they are asking themselves, before *the same means may be found useful in Missouri, in Virginia, in New York, or in Massachusetts?*

And from the Journal—

The intervention of an armed force is so contrary to all our theories of local self-government that it has aroused a feeling which seeks an opportunity for expression.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER BY MARK TWAIN. In this dull old world of ours a new book by a great humorist is a noticeable and joyful event. With our dinners we enjoy a salad, and in somewhat the same way it does us all good—no matter how earnest may be our usual studies or pursuits—to pick up a book occasionally which is full of material for hearty healthy laughter. Such a volume, written by Mark Twain, has just been published in England, and in this country by the American Publishing Company. It is called The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, and is as full of genuine wit as a nut is full of meat. In the language of the street, it is a "screamer." The "Adventures" of the festive youth "Tom Sawyer" will interest both old and young, the grave and gay, the Judge of the Court and the school-boy. The book is sold only by subscription; one agent disposed of five copies in one hour. The sale is bound to be great like that of the famous "Innocents Abroad" by the same master hand.

Letter from Washington.

Correspondence of the Journal.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13th.

Going into the Senate to-day, I found the honorable gentlemen deliberately discussing the Oregon puzzle. Mr. Bayard, courtly and statesman-like, had the floor; Mr. Morton had surrounded himself with a fortification of ponderous tomes, between whose leaves paper slips were sticking in such numbers that I was sure one of his exhaustive and exhausting speeches was imminent; the two Colorado senators were congratulating each other upon the pleasant prospect of six years constant association in legislative duties, made so sure by the news of Mr. Tiller's election; Mr. Withers appeared unusually gay and festive, wearing in his buttonhole a tiny bouquet of scarlet and white; Mr. Blaine was parading after his usual style, and pulling away at the invariable bit of paper which he holds between his teeth; while Mr. Christiancy, whose marriage a year ago caused so much excitement, sat quietly, looking so placid and amiable that I began to think the catechism calling Moses the meekest man ought to be corrected at once. His scanty gray hair was parted with a degree of accuracy never attained by masculine experience, and every particular capillary reposed exactly where it ought, in a way strongly suggestive of the young wife, his "ain wee thing," as the Scotch song says.

Now and then from the President's chair came Mr. Ferry's harsh, grating voice, making some announcement; Mr. Lamar came softly in at the farther door and sat down by Senator Randolph for a consultation; Mr. Thurman, dignified and thoughtful, watched everybody; and Senator Bogy was laboriously getting himself together, hoping to obtain the floor for a pet resolution.

Sitting in the front row of desks, Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, is always conspicuous. His bald head, his stooping shoulders and generally venerable ways, procure for him the reputation of years that he does not possess, for Senator Edmunds is only forty-eight, while Senator Windom, brown haired, brown whiskered, hand-some and bland, who looks barely forty, will be fifty next birthday.

A SPECIMEN CONVERSATION.

Going over to the House, "seeking whom I might devour," (I say that to spare you the trouble) I entered the "Members' Gallery." Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, was making a speech upon the long-contested Silver Bill. So cogent were his arguments and so eloquent his presentation of facts, that the best men of both parties listened intently, whirling their chairs about to face Mr. Kasson, and thereby furnishing to the galleries an excellent view of their features. In the seat below my own a group of three were chatting. I know listening is impolite, but it was in your interest, my dear friends, and besides, the voices were so high and sharp I couldn't very well help hearing their remarks. The ladies were evidently mother and daughter, and the mother was by far the handsomer. Both were richly dressed in the extreme of style; the young lady's hat being something decidedly "out of the common." Their escort was a "Member," in Washington parlance. The young lady inquired who Mr. Kasson might be. Receiving her answer she exclaimed—

"Is he really now from way out in Iowa? He don't look a bit like a backwoodsman. Is he *nice?*"

"He is one of the most prominent men in the house," said her friend, "and his manners are remarkably fine"—

"Dear me! you wouldn't think it would you; and he was born in Iowa?" with an elevation of her pretty eye-brows.

There was a suspicious twitching of the gentleman's moustache while he mentally compared the date of Iowa's settlement and Mr. Kasson's age, but he answered the little goose gravely enough according to the law and the facts.

"Who is that little mite of a man with gray hair down there in the front desk. *He* looks rather nice" was the next observation.

"That! O! that's Mr. Chittenden, of Brooklyn."

"O! Yes! I've heard of him. He is a dry goods merchant. Is he a Democrat or a Republican?"

"Neither one thing nor the other" replied her mentor. "He is a conservative."

"Oh! P-shaw! then he *isn't nice*; conservatives never are. I don't like conservatives."

Just then the tall magnificent figure of Gov. Walker came across the little lady's vision, causing a rapturous clasp of the tightly gloved hand and the exclamation—

"There's Governor Walker. I do think he is *so nice*, don't you? He is too handsome for anything!"

Said the gentleman "Gov. Walker is certainly very handsome and a great favorite."

"Yes" said the girl, "He is my ideal of a Southern gentleman born in Virginia!"

"But he wasn't born there," answered her friend. "He was born in New York."

"Then he is a carpet bagger and I hate carpet baggers. I'm sorry you told me."

The gentleman hastened to explain and relieve the "magnificent" Governor from such an aspersion, and just then Mr. Kasson's time having expired Judge Kelley took the floor, winning from the fair chatterbox this comment,

"What a horrid looking man! He can't be *nice* a bit."

"But he is very nice indeed," answered the M. C. and he knows more about this silver question than any other man on the floor. See how they all listen to him!"

Allow me to remark here that I have been in Philadelphia all summer, among people who know "that horrid looking man" most thoroughly, and that, however people may differ from Judge Kelley politically, there prevails toward him personally an amount of cordial liking and thorough esteem which any man might be proud to win. His health is delicate, but he possesses an indomitable courage and energy that carry him through a tremendous amount of labor, and that wonderful voice rings out never giving a hint of the pain each effort produces.

Before any further remarks on Congressional *nicety* could be made, Gov. Throckmorton of Texas came to the gallery, giving me his pleasant greeting and stopping for a little talk. Of course I broached *the* question of the day, but gentlemen are exceedingly careful how they talk to either man *or* woman, so my interviewing didn't amount to much. When I referred to some remarks made in a late caucus, the Governor inquired "How in the world do you find out so quickly what we do in caucus?"

"I'll never tell," I answered, and then we spoke of Texan matters. The Lone Star State is prospering. Business is lifting its head and politics are settling themselves gradually and effectually. Did you know that Governor Throckmorton is in Congress by a larger majority than any other man can show. Both candidates who opposed him in the canvass, counting their votes together, had less than two hundred. Temperate in his judgment, cordial and kindly toward every one, and a patriot to his heart's core, Gov. Throckmorton deserves all he wins. True, he was forced into the secession movement, and I know how, though the story is too long to tell here; but his last daring protest against secession is still a household word in Texas, where personal courage has a high value.

SOCIAL MATTERS.

To-day some of the Cabinet ladies "received," but the attendance was by no means general. The throngs do not gather till after the holidays. Then, too, this is a short session, scarcely worth, in these hard times, the preparing of elaborate toilettes, and many familiar faces will be missing.

Secretary Morrill has taken rooms at Wormley's. While I watched the carriages coming and going, I thought of poor Mrs. Belknap, who was last year such a favorite. She is here now, with her husband and her lovely little one. The family are boarding at the Arlington, but Mrs. Belknap never appears in the dining-room, and she sees only her most intimate friends.

The Arlington is strangely empty this winter. Many of its former guests have gone to the new Riggs House, and many more to private lodgings; so the quiet of the dining-room is almost oppressive. Gen. and Mrs. Marcy are passing the winter in Baltimore; Governor Walker has bought the Belknap house; Senator Kernan has gone to house-keeping; Senator Randolph's family have not yet arrived; Mr. and Mrs. Frost are at home, (much to our regret) while all the halls and parlors are awfully desolate.

I'm beginning to feel at home again, now I have found

Generalities.

The total valuation of Portland is $30,660,355.

Another bull-dozed parish heard from. An Iowa clergyman has eloped with one of the sisters.

Augusta has been mulcted in five hundred dollars damages to a lady, in consequence of a defective sidewalk.

An immense quantity of evergreens is now being sent to New York, from different sections of Maine, for the holidays.

The great majority of those lost in the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre were very young persons, averaging about twenty-one years old.

Capt. E. G. Lord of Orrington, fell dead while shaving himself before a looking glass. Heart disease was the cause. He was about 60 years old.

In a collision between the police and a mob of negroes who attempted to rescue a negro prisoner in New Orleans Friday night ten or fifteen negroes and three or four whites were injured.

It is positively asserted by Florida journals that at the late election in that State many colored women dressed in male attire and voted the republican ticket at the polls.

That "ex-confederate House" of "rebel brigadiers" passed the appropriation bill providing pensions for Union soldiers and their families, yesterday. [Springfield Republican.

The Portland Advertiser complains of the cowardly assaults made of late upon women in Portland, who have been obliged to be out upon the streets alone in the evening.

A fellow mailing from Wiscasset, Thursday, tried to make the Portland police believe that he had been robbed of $100 on board the Boston boat. He turned out to be a beat.

Masked burglars entered the house of the cashier of a bank in Somerset, Ohio, bound and gagged him and his wife, and compelled him unlock the safe, from which they stole $10,000.

There is a great complaint in Vermont of the drought, the ground having frozen without the usual fall rains. Many farmers anticipate a long time of drawing water, or driving stock to streams.

Steamer Alice Vernie, plying between Damariscotta and Portland, was totally burned with cargo at Georgetown Friday night. The crew barely escaped with their lives. Loss on steamer $7,000; partially insured. Loss on cargo about $900.

A singular case of circumstantial evidence has occurred in South Carolina. A negro was arrested for the murder of a white man, who was shot from his gun. It was the margin of the Union Herald, which had the negro's name written on it. He was at once arrested and on this evidence, made a full confession.

The Radical Leaders Despondent. Tilden Gaining in the Public Mind.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, writing under date of 16th, has the following—

The Republicans have had an uncomfortable day. On Saturday and Sunday there was private information in town and in the possession of Republicans that matters did not promise so well in Louisiana. The conduct of the Returning Board in refusing to exhibit its records to the Congressional committee excited suspicions that all was not right, and that the State was not rightfully given to Mr. Hayes, and these suspicions were increased by private news, carefully kept secret, but which led to conclusions which were here and there spoken out. To-day came the letter of General Barlow, virtually conceding Florida to Mr. Tilden. This letter produced a decidedly blue sensation among the Republican Senators. It was carefully read, and Senator Jones, of Florida, was asked what he knew of the precinct, Jasper No. 2, and which General Barlow says that if the inspectors were Republicans the vote ought to be counted, and would give the State to Tilden. Mr. Jones says the inspectors, who left the vote half counted, were Republicans, and that this fact, as well as their abandonment of their duties, will be easily proved before the investigating committees, so that, if the vote of the State depends on that, it will have to be given to Tilden. There are also reports in town that the South Carolina committee have discovered irregularities there in the conduct of the Returning Board, which may show that the State was really carried by Tilden. It will be remembered that the Returning Board, after footing up the consolidated reports of the county managers, all of them appointed by Chamberlain and most of them his officeholders, were asked to compare these with the original sworn returns from the precincts, and that after doing this with six counties they suddenly stopped and not only refused to go farther, but refused the reasonable request to allow certified copies to be made of the county and precinct returns, but put away all the returns and refused to let any one see them. It is now said to be susceptible of proof that a great discrepancy was discovered between the county managers' consolidations and the precinct returns, showing that the former had been crooked, but what is of greater importance, it is asserted that proofs are before the Congressional committee that, even as to the six counties where the precinct returns were compared, the Returning Board have since had a comparison altered these returns, so as to make them conform to the county managers' crooked reports. Of course such a fraud as this, if detected, must convince even the Republican members of the committee that the Returning Board acted in very dishonest manner. The precinct reports in the six counties examined, it is stated, gave the State to Tilden by a small majority.

All these matters make a strong impression here upon fair-minded Republicans, who, though they want and mean to put Governor Hayes into the White House if he was honestly elected, do not for an instant think of acting unfairly; and they are getting into a state of mind where they feel a strong and reasonable doubt of Mr. Hayes' election, which will have to be removed before they will consent to act with the extremists. "Governor Hayes' election is certainly not as sure as it was," admitted one of the most earnest supporters this evening; and another remarked: "The Congressional committee may, after all, settle this question, so that it will never come before the House."

South Carolina.

CERTIFICATE PROVING HAMPTON'S ELECTION.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15. The following preceded the inauguration of Wade Hampton yesterday as Governor in Columbia:—

Speaker Wallace, as presiding officer of the General Assembly, in pursuance of the provisions of the Constitution, proceeded to publish the vote from certified copies of the original returns of the County Boards of Canvassers, the total vote in the State was announced as follows:—

THE VOTE FOR GOVERNOR.

Hampton, Democrat	92,261
Chamberlain, Republican	91,127
Hampton's majority	1,134

FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

Simpson, Democrat	91,680
Gleaves, Republican	91,550
Simpson's majority	130

To the surprise of everybody the Speaker then produced and read the following official statement from the colored Secretary of State:

VOTE FOR GOVERNOR ELECTED 1876.

Hampton	92,261
Chamberlain	91,127

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, H. E. Hayne, Secretary of State, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct statement of the vote for Governor at the general election of 1876, as appears by the Commissioners' returns now on file in this office.

Given under my hand and the seal of the State at Columbia, this 9th day of December, 1876, and in the 101st year of American Independence.

J. H. E. HAYNE, Secretary of State.

This is the most important document the Democrats have yet obtained possession of, as it includes the vote of the two counties of Edgefield and Laurens, which the Board of Canvassers threw out to elect Chamberlain. It bears the seal of the State, and being issued on as late a date as the 9th inst. is proof indisputable that the Democrats carried the State and that Hampton is legally elected Governor.

South Carolina has now two separate and distinct State Governments. The State Government obtains its recognition from the county governments. Nineteen of the counties are Democratic, having Democratic officials, and therefore, recognize no other Government but Hampton's. Thirteen counties are Republican, with Republican officials who will sustain the Chamberlain Government, but in those latter the tax-payers are chiefly Democrats, who will only "render unto Hampton the things that are Hampton's," as they regard it. Their is no existing doubt but that the people will refuse to pay taxes to any other but Hampton's Government, or in the event that he will not be recognized by the United States, to a military government. Under these circumstances it is considered that the collapse of the Chamberlain Government becomes only a question of time.

Smelt fishing at Damariscotta Mills is now at its height. The ice of the bay is dotted with nearly one hundred small huts.

The Sunderland toll-bridge over the Connecticut river was completely destroyed by the storm Saturday. Dr. C. J. Trow was on it with horse and sleigh when it was carried down, but the span he was on held together so strongly that he and the team were unhurt.

Probate Court.

WM. M. RUST, JUDGE. B. P. FIELD, REGISTER.

The following business was transacted at the December Term of said Court.

ADMINISTRATION GRANTED ON ESTATES OF—David McDermott late of Winterport, Mary McDermott, Administratrix; Isabel Staples late of Stockton, L. M. Partridge, Administrator; Joseph W. Mathews late of Searsport, Martha F. Mathews, Administratrix; Annie Dancy late of Frankfort; John D. Kingsbury, Administrator; Clara Patterson late of Belfast, Lewis E. Pitcher, Administrator; John Quigley late of Winterport, Nath'l H. Hubbard, Administrator; Jonathan Colcord late of Searsport, Hannah Colcord, Administratrix.

GUARDIANS APPOINTED—Phineas Dunton over minor heir of Isaac W. Bryant, late of Lincolnville; Sylvanus Nickerson over minor heir of Alanson B. Bullard, late of ——.

LICENSE TO SELL REAL ESTATE ON ESTATES OF—Minor heirs of Jesse Nickerson, late of Winterport, George A. Peirce, late of Frankfort.

INVENTORIES FILED ON ESTATES OF—Ann A. Southworth late of Belfast; Reuben H. Burgess late of Belfast; Crawford S. Fletcher late of Stockton; Natch Averill late of Montville; Lyman Littlefield late of Winterport; Hollis M. A. Foor late of Belfast.

ALLOWANCE MADE TO WIDOWS ON ESTATES OF—Dummer Toward late of Freedom; Darius Shute late of Belfast; C. R. Thomas late of Belfast.

WARRANT OF INSOLVENCY RETURNED ON ESTATE OF—Samuel Y. Runnells late of Stockton.

WARRANT OF INSOLVENCY ISSUED ON ESTATE OF—Crawford S. Fletcher late of Stockton; Mary Potter late of Troy.

WARRANT OF PARTITION ISSUED ON ESTATE OF—John Carver late of Searsport.

ORDER OF DISTRIBUTION ISSUED ON ESTATES OF—David Durgin late of Belfast; Nathan C. Fletcher late of Lincolnville; N. G. Hichborn late of Stockton.

ACCOUNTS ALLOWED ON ESTATES OF—Minor heirs of Jefferson Leighton late of Palermo; Darius Shute late of Belfast; Dummer Toward late of Freedom; Susanna Pitcher late of Belfast; minor heir of Joel Miixer late of Knox; minor heir of A. R. Twombly late of Monroe.

WILL PROBATED ON—Hannah Ellis late of Swanville, wherein she gives to her husband so much of her real and personal estate as may be sufficient to support him during his natural life; $50 each to William H. and Hiram B. and Annie L. Robbins, the remainder to her niece Eliza J. Yeaton.

Dr. Drake, of Portland, will be in Belfast, at Phenix House, January 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th. He makes a specialty of all Blood Diseases, Scrofula, Canker, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas and all forms of Humors, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Female Weakness and all forms of Nervous weakness, Cancers and Tumors removed without the use of the knife. Dr. Drake is a resident physician of Portland, and has a large practice there, which with the number of cases successfully treated in Belfast and vicinity, recommends him as a skillful practitioner, also proprietor of Dr. Drake's Golden Bitters for Stomach and Liver Diseases, Dr. Drake's Nervous Pills for Nervous Weakness, and Dr. Drake's Liver Pills for Biliousness and Constipation of the Bowels. For sale by S. A. Howes & Co. and druggists generally. 2w25

OUR YOUNG FOLKS MAGAZINE will be found just what parents desire to place before their children. It is first class in typograph, illustration, and interest of its contents, while all trashy, sensational stories are rigidly excluded.

Come now and let us reason together.

Why do people so frequently say to Dr. Pierce, "I suppose your Golden Medical Discovery cures every thing"? Because it has been the practice of knavish charlatans to manufacture worthless nostrums and attempt to dupe the ignorant and credulous by recommending them to cure every form of disease. To such an extent has this been practiced that it is no wonder that many have acquired prejudices against all advertised remedies. But Dr. Pierce does not advertise his standard preparations as "cure-alls," does not claim that they will perform miracles, but simply publishes the fact that they have been developed as specifics for certain forms of disease for which he recommends them, after having tested their efficacy in many hundred cases with the most gratifying success. It is a fact known to every well-informed physician that many single remedies possess several different properties. Quinine, for instance, has a tonic quality, which suggests its use in cases of debility; an anti-periodic, by which it is efficacious in ague; and a febrifuge property, which renders it efficacious in cases of fever. The result of its administration will also vary with the quantity given and the circumstances under which it is employed. So, likewise the Golden Medical Discovery possesses both pectoral and alterative, or blood-cleansing properties of the highest order. By reason of these two prominent properties it cures two classes of disease. First, those of the respiratory organs, as throat, bronchial, and lung affections, chronic coughs and asthma, and second, diseases of the blood and glandular system, in which affections all skillful physicians employ alteratives, as in cases of blotches, eruptions, ulcers, swellings, tumors, abscesses, and a torpor of the liver or "biliousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, suggested in cases of pulmonary consumption, yet you need not take it expecting it will cure you if your lungs are half consumed, nor because it is recommended as a blood medicine would its proprietor advise you to take it expecting it to cure cancer. It will not perform miracles, but it will cure many grave forms of disease.

The impaired constitution can be brought to a sanitary condition by the use of HUNT'S REMEDY. For Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Kidney, Bladder and Glandular Complaints, Pain in the Back and Loins, Gravel, Diabetes, Uterine Affections and Intemperance, use HUNT'S REMEDY. Family Physicians freely prescribe HUNT'S REMEDY.

INFALLIBLE EYE WASH cures Inflamed Eyes.

The Grand Central Hotel, New York, exhibits the secret of its great popularity and success, by wisely maintaining its old standard of excellence since its reduction from $1.00, the old rate, to $2.50 and $3.00 per day.

During the past season the "American" of Boston, has added many conveniences for the additional comfort of its guests. Running water has been introduced into 150 rooms of the north and east wings, many of the apartments have been remodeled and refurnished, its public drawing-rooms and dining saloon newly frescoed, and though the hotel has always been kept scrupulously clean, it now looks brighter and cleaner than ever. Every comfort and convenience is assured to the patrons of the American.

Hurra! for the good old times. The Grand Central Hotel, New York, the leading hotel, announces *aute bellum* prices. It has reduced rates from $4.00 to $2.50 and $3.00 per day.

Pills, Potions and Pungencies.

What is slosh? It's snow matter.

A SORE THROAT is bad. "Forest Tar" contains the healing properties for a cure.

What is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends? A ditch.

Why is a man who expects a kiss and is refused like a shipwrecked fisherman? Because he has lost his smack.

The most harrowing symptoms of Bronchitis and Consumption, are palliated and relieved by inhaling the hot vapors of the solution of "Forest Tar." It cures Catarrh. 5w25.

"I'm saddest when I sing," said a Sunday evening warbler. "And so's the whole neighborhood!" roared an unmusical voice in the street.

From R. Fellows, M. D., of Hill, N. H.

Although I have generally a great objection to patent medicines, I can but say in justice to DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY that it is a remedy of superior value for Pulmonary Diseases. I have made use of this preparation for several years, and it has proved to be very reliable and efficacious in the treatment of severe and long-standing Coughs. I know of one patient, now in comfortable health, who has taken this remedy, and who but for its use, I consider, would not now be living.

R. FELLOWS, M. D.

A Yankee grave-digger, who buried a Mr. Button, put the following item in the bill which he sent to Mrs. Button: "To making one Button-hole, five dollars."

Scarcity of Money.

There is no doubt but the present condition of all kinds of business and industry is fearfully depressed, and it behooves every family to look carefully to their expenses. Winter is coming on when children are liable to Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. Coughs and Colds will pervail everywhere, and Consumption, with other throat and lung diseases, will carry off many.—These diseases should not be neglected. Doctor's bills are expensive, and we would advise our people to use BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP. It has never failed. One bottle at 75 cents will keep your whole family well during the winter. Two doses will relieve any case. Sold in all towns in the United States, and by your Druggist, R. H. Moody, agent for Belfast; Kittridge Rockland; Fletcher, Camden; ———, Waldoboro; Smith & Sons, Searsport; ——— Bucksport; Robinson, Thomaston. 1f25

Washing freely with GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP parts affected with the obnoxious skin diseases which have usually been dressed with offensive sulphur ointments, will affect a certain cure without leaving behind any disgusting odor. Sold everywhere.

An American tourist who was asked in what part of Switzerland he felt the most heat, replied: "When I was going to Berne."

Holloway's Pills and Ointment—Scrofula was considered *incurable* until the great discovery of "Holloway's Pills and Ointment" flashed upon the world. Diseases which baffle the skill of the medical schools, readily yield to these peerless remedies. Scurvy, Erysipelas Saltrheum, Itch, and all cutaneous eruptions are curable by them. 25 cents per box or pot

Adamson's Botanic Balsam. A never failing remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Inflamation of the Lungs, Croup, Whooping-Cough, Sore Throat, Asthma, and all affections of the Lungs, which terminate in Consumption and Death. Price 25 cts.

Castora is a perfect substitute for Castor Oil, without any of its objections, for it is pleasant to take, and does not nauseate or gripe. For Costiveness at any age, but especially for Sour Stomach, Wind Colic, Worms and Disordered Bowels of Children, it is the most effective remedy in existence. It is harmless, it is reliable, and it is cheap.

There need be no pain where Centaur Liniment is used. Burns and Scalds are healed without a scar. Rheumatism, Sprains, and most flesh, bone and muscle ailments can be absolutely cured. There are two kinds. The White Centaur Liniment is for family use, the Yellow for horses and animals. One trial will convince the incredulous.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

Will be found to possess those qualities necessary to the total eradication of all bilious attacks, prompt to start the secretions of the liver, and give a healthy tone to the entire system. Indeed, it is no ordinary discovery in medical science to have invented a remedy for these stubborn complaints, which develop all the results produced by a herc to fore free use of calomel, a mineral justly dreaded by mankind, and acknowledged to be destructive in the extreme to the human system. That the properties of certain vegetables comprise all the virtues of calomel without its injurious tendencies, is now an admitted fact, rendered indisputable by scientific researches; and those who use the Mandrake Pills will be fully satisfied that the best medicines are those provided by nature in the common herbs and roots of the fields.

These pills open the bowels and correct all bilious derangements without salivation or any of the injurious effects of calomel or other poisons. The secretion of bile is promoted by these pills, as will be seen by the altered color of the stools, and disappearing of the sallow complexion and cleansing of the tongue.

Ample directions for use accompany each box of pills.

Prepared only by J. H. Schenck & Son, at their principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, and for sale by all druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per box. 4w23

To Southern and Western travelers to the Centennial who intend visiting New York will find the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Grand Central Depot, one of the best Hotels in New York to stop at. It is so near the depot that the traveler is spared all annoyance and expense of carriage, baggage and expressage hire, while its location is such that street car and stage lines radiate from this point to all parts of the city. It has elegantly furnished rooms, has all the latest improvements, and is run on the European plan. Travelers visiting New York, or on their way to or from the CENTENNIAL, will find this hotel *par excellence* in every respect. It is under the management of G. F. & W. D. GARRISON, and has become one of the most popular Hotels in the city of New York. 1yr

Think for Yourself.

Thousands lead miserable lives, suffering from dyspepsia, a disorded stomach and liver, producing biliousness, heartburn, costiveness, weakness, irregular appetite, low spirits, raising food after eating and often ending in fatal attacks of fever. THEY KNOW THEY ARE SICK, yet get little sympathy. The unfailing remedy, which is yearly restoring thousands, is DeCosta's Radical Cure sold by W. O. Poor & Son, sole agents for Belfast. A. J. Jordan, agent for Orland. R. B. Stover, agent for Buckesport.

A 25c. bottle will convince you of its merits. Don't delay another hour after reading this, but go and get a bottle, and your relief is as certain as you live. Will you do it, or will you continue to suffer? Think for yourself.

Professor Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup is perfectly safe and extremely palatable. No physic required. Costs 25 cents. Try it. 1f49

BELFAST PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal

BY C. H. SARGENT, No 8 Main Street.

Flour	$5.00@10.00	Corned Beef	10@00
Corn	70@75	Mut on	8@8
Corn Meal	72	Lamb	8@9
Rye Meal	1.50	Turkey	16@18
Rye	1.25	Chicken	10@13
Barley	60	Fowl	10@12
Oat	42	Geese	10@12
Beans	$1.75@2.25	Duck	12@15
Potatoes,	50@60	Hay	$8.00@14.00
Apples	50@75	Straw	$6.00@7.00
Dried Apples	7@9	Washed Wool	35
Butter	25@28	Unwashed "	30
Cheese	16	Hides	4@7
Eggs	22	Calf Skins	15
Round Hog	7	Lamb "	75@1.00
Pork Backs	13	Hard Wood	$5.00@5.50
Lard	14@15	Soft "	$5.00@5.50
Tallow	5@10	Shorts per ct.	$1.25
Veal	7	Lime	90
Dry Cod	6@7	Butter Salt	25
" Pollock	4	Plaster	$1.30@0.00

BOSTON MARKET.

MONDAY, Dec. 18.

BUTTER—We quote fine New York and Vermont butter at 30@31c, good butter of Northern butter at 24@27c; common do at 20@22c; choice Western dairy packed butter at 26@30c.

CHEESE—We quote fine New York and Vermont factory at 14@14½c, good do at 12 1-2@13 1-2c, and common at 11@12c per lb.

EGGS—We quote Northern and Eastern at 29@30c; Western at 27@28c.

BEANS—Pea beans are steady at $2.75@3.00 per bush. There is a fair demand for Yellow eyes at $2.87½@3.00 per bush.

VEGETABLES—Potatoes are firm and in steady demand at $1.00@1.10 for Rose, and Jacksons at 90@95c per bush.

POULTRY—Nice fat Geese sell at 14c, but common ones sell down to 10@12c. Fresh Killed Chickens are scarce and sell at 16@18c per lb. Ducks at 12@14c. Mixed lots of Western fowls and chickens sell at 10 @12c per lb.

APPLES—The market is firm for New England apples at $1@1.50 per bbl for Baldwins. Western and York State fruit sells at $1.75@2 per bbl.

HAY AND STRAW—Western hay at $15 at per ton, and Eastern and Northern at $18@20 for coarse and $18@21 for fine and medium. Straw is selling at $21@22 per ton.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 13.

Arrivals of stock at market—Cattle 1727; Sheep and Lambs 7041; Swine 10,600; number Western Cattle 1576; Eastern Cattle 54; Milch Cows and Northern Cattle 97.

Prices of Beef Cattle per 100 lbs, live weight—Extra quality $5 62 1-2@5 87 1-2; first quality $5 25@5 50; second quality $4 75@5 12 1-2; third quality $4 25@4 62 1-2; poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c., $3 50@4 00.

Brighton Hides 7@8c per lb; Brighton Tallow 6 1-2c per lb. Country Hides 7@7 1-2c per lb; Country Tallow 6@6 1-2c per lb.

Calf Skins 10@11c per lb; Sheared Sheep skins $1; Lamb Skins $1; wool Skins $1@1 75 each.

Working Oxen—Not a large supply in market, a few pairs each week being all the market requires at present.

One pair girth 6 ft 8 in, live weight 2800 lbs, $110; 1 pair girth 6 ft 9 inches, live weight 2880 lbs, $105; 1 pair girth 6 ft 4 inches, live weight 2700 lbs, $90; 1 pair girth 7 ft 3 inches, live weight, 3000 lbs, $120; 1 pair girth 6 ft 9 inches, live weight, 2800 lbs, $110; 1 pair girth 6 ft, 6 inches, $100.

Store Cattle—Yearlings, $11 to $15; two year olds, $15 to $28; three year olds, $23 to $40 per head. Prices upon small Cattle depend upon their value for Beef. But few stores are offered in market for sale.

Milch Cows—Extra $55@95; ordinary $25@50 per head. Most of the Cows that are offered in market for sale are of a common grade. Prices do not vary much from week to week.

Sheep and Lambs—Those from the West and Maine were all towed by Mr. Hollis and taken to the Abbatoir to be slaughtered. Trade for Northern Sheep and Lambs has been about the same as it was one week ago, at prices ranging from 3 to 5 1-2c per lb.

Swine—Store Pigs, wholesale 9@7c, retail 7 1-2@8c. Fat Hogs, 9@7c per lb.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House New York City.* 8m8

Forest Tar,

For Throat, Lungs, Asthma, and Kidneys.

Forest Tar Solution, or Inhalation for Catarrh, Consumption, Bronchitis, and Asthma.

Forest Tar Troches, or Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Tickling Cough and Purifying the Breath.

Forest Tar Salve, or Healing Indolent Sores, Ulcers, Cuts, Burns, and for Piles.

Forest Tar Soap, or Chapped Hands, Salt Rheum, Skin Diseases, the Toilet and Bath.

Forest Tar Inhalers, or Inhaling for Catarrh, Consumption, Asthma.

For Sale by all Druggists.

8Smos13

MARRIED.

In this city, Dec. 16th, by Rev. J. A. Ross, Mr. John F. Cross and Miss Ida May Hatch, both of Morrill.

In Northport, Dec. 17th, by Wm. A. Pendleton, Esq., Mr. Loma A. Flanders of Northport, and Miss Bertha J. Woods of Belfast.

In Camden, Dec. 13th, Rev. H. M. Parsons of Boston, and Sarah J. Adams of Camden.

In Camden, Dec. 7th, Mr. George N. Crane of Union, and Miss Elvira P. Barnes of Camden.

In Morrill, Nov. 29th, Mr. S. S. Adams of New Haven, Conn., and Addie F. Mears of Morrill.

In Unity, Dec. 5th, Mr. Hezekiah C. Chandler of Unity, and Miss Melissa J. Bowers, of Lowell, Mass.

In Brooks, Dec. 9th, Mr. Walter Bartlett and Miss Rose S. Pattee, both of Monroe.

In Boston, Dec. 5th, Mr. Daniel Thurston of Orland, Me., and Della A. Hervey, of Bucksport, Me.

In Ellsworth, Dec. 9th, Mr. Hoyt A. Stevens and Miss Evelyn H. Beckwith, both of Ellsworth.

In Rockland, Dec. 3d, Almon G. Varney and Annie L. Rhoades, both of Rockland.

In St. George, Dec. 7th, Hiram Jones, Jr., and Miss Mary A. Hastings, both of St. George.

In North Haven, Dec. 5th, Sidney F. Maker and Mary Leadbetter, both of North Haven.

In North Haven, Dec. 5th, Ira Carver and Ursula K. Waterman, both of North Haven.

DIED.

Obituary notices, beyond the Date, Name and Age must be paid for.

In Penobscot, Nov. 27th, Mr. Joseph Wardwell, aged 78 years, 7 months and 18 days.

In Camden, Dec. 12, Mrs. Alice A., wife of Jos. Stockbridge, aged 43 years, 11 months.

In Swanville, at the residence of C. Marden, Betsey E., wife of Wm. G. Piper, formerly of Searsport, aged 50 years and 4 months.

In Lamoine, Dec. 7th, Davidson Smith, aged 77 years.

In Rockland, Dec. 6th, Susan S., wife of Levi Scott, formerly of Deer Isle, aged 31 years.

At Clark's Island, Dec. 8th, Wm. John, eldest son of Wm. T. and Amelia Sparrgo, late of Penzance, Cornwall Co., England, aged 18 years.

On Hurricane Island, Dec. 18th, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank St. Clair.

In Rockland, Dec. 14th, Cornelius Morton, aged 90 years, 2 months and 4 days. Dec. 12th, John G., son of Garret and Mary A. Coughlin, aged 15 years. Dec. 7th, Clara A., wife of Wm. R. Tucker, aged 26 years, 3 months and 20 days.

In South Thomaston, Dec. 8th, Mrs. Sarah S., widow of the late Philip Atwood Fales, aged 76 yrs.

In Thomaston, Dec. 9th, Eleanor, daughter of John and Cora Austin, aged 1 year, 4 months and 15 days. Dec. 10th, Capt. Oliver Robinson, aged 72 years, 9 months and 23 days.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 6th, Capt. Luther Hayden, aged 72 years, 9 days, formerly of So. Thomaston.

In Bangor, Dec. 18th, Mrs. Caroline M., wife of Charles C. Brown, Esq., and daughter of the late Hon. John S. Kimball of Belfast.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BELFAST.

ARRIVED.

Dec 13th, schrs Amazon, Harris, Bangor; Sarah, Hanley, do; Martha Brewer, McFarland, Boston; P M Bonnie, Burgess, Vinalhaven; Orono, Powers, Mt Desert.

Dec 14th, schr Commerce, Woodman, Port John.

Dec 15th, schrs A Hayford, Pendleton, New York; Fannie and Edith, Bartlett, do, (corn); Geo B Ferguson, Ferguson, Boston; Mary Eliza, Bullock, New Bedford to load for Boston; Charles Cooper, Gray, Brooksville.

Dec 16th, schr Malabar, Welch, Boston.

Dec 17th, schrs Fannie Butler, Warren Hoboken, 44 days; Hattie, Gilchrest, Bucksport.

Dec 18th, schrs Lizzie J Clark, Morgan, Boston; rev cutter Dobbin, Abby, Castine.

Dec 19th, schr Empire, Ryan, Boston.

Dec 20th, schrs Van Dusen, Reeves, Boston, to load ice for the West Indies; A W Ellis, Bagley, Searsport for Buckesville, S C.

SAILED.

Dec 13th, schr Harmona, Collins, Norfolk, Va.

Dec 14th, schrs Lizzie Lane, West, Charleston or Savannah; Mary Langdon, Mullen, Philadelphia; A W Ellis, Bagley, Searsport to load for Bucksville, S C; Pearl, Condon, Orland; Napoleon, Treat, Bucksport.

Dec 15th, brig Prentiss Hobbs, Blake, Brooksville, to haul up; schr Charles Cooper, Gray, do.

Dec 16th, schr Arctic, Ginn, Philadelphia or Baltimore.

Dec 19th, schr Frank Queen, Calhoun, Savanilla, South America.

Dec 20th, schr Lark, Hutchins, Baltimore.

Dec 21st, schr A W Ellis, Bagley, for Bucksville.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

Cld from Baltimore, Dec 13th, bark Sarah A Staples, Nickerson, Glasgow.

Cld from New York, Dec 13th, brig Josie C Hazeltine, Wood, Bristol, Eng.

At at Jacksonville, Dec 6th, Lois V. Chaples, Chaples, Belfast.

Cld from do, 5th inst, schr T H Livingstone, McDonald, New York.

At at Mobile, Dec 14th, bark John C Smith, Jones, Belfast.

Cld from do, 11th, ship City of Brooklyn, Herriman, Liverpool.

At at New Orleans, Dec 10th, ship Louis Walsh, White, Hamburg.

At Vineyard Haven, Dec 11th, schr Ralph Howes, Ryder, Belfast for Philadelphia; Massachusetts, Kendsier, Baltimore for Belfast.

Cld from Philadelphia, Dec 14th, schr Fannie Flint, Warren, Port Spain.

At at New Orleans, Dec 12th, schr Jefferson Borden, Patterson, Havana.

At at Savanah, Dec 13th, schr Charlie Buckl, Foss, Belfast.

FOREIGN PORTS.

At at Bombay, Nov 13th, ship R B Fuller, Gilmore, Cardiff.

At at Havana, Dec 12th, sch Thomas W Holder, Gray, Pensacola.

At at Matanzas, Dec 6th, chr, Jennie Beazley, Harrington, Pascagoula.

At do, 8th inst, brig Geo. Gilchrist, Orcutt, for north of Hatteras.

At Callao, Nov 14th, ship Messenger, Gilkey, waiting.

At at Manila, Nov 1st, ship Antelope, Cheney, San Francisco.

Sld from Cardiff, Dec 14th, brig Don Quixote, Munroe, for Havana.

Sld from Messina, precious to 12th inst, bark Syra, Corning, Philadelphia.

At at Batavia, Oct 24th, bark R P Buck, Curtis, Calcutta.

DISASTERS.

Schr Annie Murchie, of Calais, was fallen in with Dec 11th, waterlogged and dismasted. She was 200 tons, and built at Calais in 1864, where she was owned by John Murchie and others.

Schr Ocean Wave from Camden for New York with lime, dragged out of Provincetown harbor last week, and went ashore at Beach Point, Truro. The vessel bilged, and the cargo taking fire, she became a total loss. All hands saved.

Schr Empress, from Baltimore for Belfast, Me, put into New York, 11th inst, with loss of jib.

Schr Fanny A Shaw, before reported a hore at Cape Henry, was floated on 13th inst, full of water. She has since been towed to Norfolk.

St Johns, N B, Dec 16. The steamer Dominion brought in 54 dismasted sailors Captain Thompson and crew of the wrecked schr Annie Murchie, of Calais, Me, which was lost off the coast of Maine on the 10. The crew were 36 hours on the top of the vessel's house, and were nearly frozen to death on the 11th inst.

The schr Annie Jones, of St George, from Brunswick, Ga, for New York, was abandoned at sea in a waterlogged condition, on the 13th inst, in lat 39 40, lon 70 14. Two colored seamen were lost. The remainder of the crew were taken off the wreck by the British brig Emperance and brought to Newport, R I. The A J was 246 tons register, built at Penobscot Harbor in 1871 and was owned in St George.

During the severe blow of last Saturday, several vessels broke from their moorings at Belesboro and drifted ashore. One small schooner, name unknown, sunk, and the others are all more or less damaged. The schr Kate Walker, of Bangor, was among the number.

CHARTERS OF THE WEEK.

Compiled specially for the Journal.

We note the following engagements at this port and elsewhere: schr Elmira, to Philadelphia, in bulk hence to Baltimore; sch S. J. Gilmore, of Belfast, potatoes hence to New York; schr Martha Brewer, hence to Boston, 1,000 bush potatoes and balance of load hay; schr Mary Eliza, of Boston, hay hence to Boston, $2,500 per hay; schr Frank Queen, before reported as to load ice for Savanilla, gets $5 gold per ton as freight on the same; schr F. E McDonald, of Belfast, from Boston to Goree and St. Louis (Africa), $3,500 in money out, and if the charterers desire to load the vessel back to New York she is to receive $1,800 lump; bark Kate Harding, of Thomaston, 4,000 bbls refined oil, New York to Bremen, 36, 6d; bark Clara Eaton, of Portland, from Galveston to Liverpool or Havre, cotton, 7-16d; schr Helen G. King, of Calais, New York to St. Jago, $825 gold, and return from Cienfuegos to Calais, Molasses, $12½; bark Henry Knight of Camden, New York to Havana, hay, $1.60 gold per bale; schr Brigadier, of Rockland, from north side Cuba to New York, sugar, $5 per hhd, and port charges; schr Mary A Powers, of Thomaston, New York to Cardenas and back, sugar $5 and port charges.

MARINE JOTTINGS.

Dispatches from Hong Kong state that the bark C. O. Whitmore of Bath, is under guard of the U S ship Kearsage. It is alleged that the captain and first and second officers are guilty of extreme cruelties to the crew. The owners in Bath deny the truth of this sensational dispatch, and say they have evidence contradicting the statements of the crew.

CASTINE, Me., Dec. 18. Sch Kate Walker, before reported on the rocks at Holbrook's Island, recovered her anchor to-day, and sailed for Rockland. Sch Post Boy, Capt Stearns, bound to Rockland, is ashore in Goose Cove harbor. The crew and wives of both the captain and mate were rescued in an exhausted condition. The revenue cutter Dobbin sent a boat's crew to the assistance of the Kate Walker. There is a probability that the Post Boy will be got off when the weather moderates.

Hair Work.

MRS. O. H. VENNER announces that she will leave the city in three or four weeks, and wishes all those who are in want of hair work, to give her a call before that time.

Hair Wove, Curls Made, Old Switches Made Over, and Hair Colored to any Shade.

Also persons that have left work with her, are requested to call for the same.

Belfast, Dec. 21, 1876. 1f25

HOLIDAY

GOODS

AT

H. H. JOHNSON & CO'S.

LECTURES.

THE first Lecture of the Course for the Winter of 1876 and 1877, will be delivered in PIERCE'S HALL, on MONDAY Evening, Dec. 25th, by

Rev. S. GOODENOUGH.

Subject—"THE GOSPEL OF DISCONTENT."

Single Tickets, 25 cts. Course Tickets, $1.50.

To be obtained at the Bookstores and at the door.

HOLIDAY

GOODS

AT

H. H. JOHNSON & CO'S.

New Store

Franklin B. Swift,

Manufacturer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

CHOICE CIGARS!

Has leased the New Store, No. 37 Wadlin's Block, Main Street, where he invites the attention of the public.

Also Dealer in all kinds

Tobaccoes, Family Groceries, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Sugar, Cheese, Butter, Lard, Vinegar, Cider,

and everything usually kept in a first-class store.

CONFECTIONERY!

Candy, Nuts, Figs, Dates, Oranges, Lemons, and Fruit of all kind constantly on hand.

☞Give me a call and satisfy yourself.

FRANKLIN B. SWIFT.

Belfast, Dec. 21, 1876.—3mos

AT

MOODY'S

Take advantage of

Low Prices

and buy your

Christmas Presents

AT

R. H. MOODY'S.

He is Selling CHEAPER than ever before.

A specialty made of

Imported German Singing Canaries!

Every Bird Warranted a Singer.

R. H. MOODY, Corner of Main and High Sts.

HOLIDAY

GOODS

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H. H. JOHNSON & CO'S

A Large Stock of

Gentlemen's Fine Slippers

FOR

CHRISTMAS!

At the Hayford Block

Boot and Shoe Store.

2w25

HOLIDAY

GOODS

AT

H. H. JOHNSON & CO'S.

We Shall Know.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Fall in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter,
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our day,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love or blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Love beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day,
Heart to heart we bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Never more to walk alone,
When the day of light is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.

A Choosing.

"The child is mine," said the Daylight,
"For she is most like me;
So get thee hence, thou gray Night,
We've nought to do with thee!
Her eyes are blue as my skies;
Her locks are like the sun;
She shall but sleep 'neath thy skies,
When my glad hours are done."

"Not so," then spake the Night-time,
"She's fair as is my moon;
And her voice is like the love-rhyme
My own bird sings in June;
Her eyes are like the star-gems
Set far above the sun;
And her breath is sweet as the blossoms
That open when thou art gone."

"Choose thou me," said the Daylight,
"For all the world is mine;
The birds sing in my gay light
Like gold the waters shine;
And mine are all the best flowers
That over the whole earth grow;
And mine are all the blithe hours
Wherein men come and go."

"Nay, be thou mine," said the Night-time,
"For I too can give thee gold;
Paler indeed is my bright time,
Fainter, and somewhat cold;
But the lover loves my fay-light;
With me the poet sings best;
While the toiling children of Daylight
Can use me but for rest."

Then she answered: "While flowers sunlit,
While the bird and the humming-bee,
And the eyes of playmates fun-lit,
Are just enough for me—
While burdens are light for bearing,
While sorrow is loath to stay—
So long, beyond all comparing,
I will love thee best, O Day!

But, when I shall find a gladness
To all but myself unknown;
And when there shall come a sadness
I needs must endure alone;
When grief is too great for weeping—
When bliss cannot bear the light—
'Tis then, while the rest are sleeping,
That I'll watch with thee, O Night!"

Jewels of Thought and Devotion.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold;
Seldom it comes, to few from Heaven sent,
That much in little—all in nought.—*Content.*

If you would keep your secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

Can there be no sympathy without the babble of words? [Charles Lamb.

Envy no one, disparage no one, think yourself above no one. [Hazlitt.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.

"Think wrong and welcome," said Lessing; "but think;" and that maxim is the plain corner-stone of greatness.

He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault. [Fuller.

Modest men conceal their joys as well as their sorrows, for they consider the one as undeserved as the other. [Jean Paul.

Uneasy and ambitious gentility is always spurious. The garment which one has long worn, never sits uncomfortably.

By cultivating the beautiful we scatter the seeds of heavenly flowers; by doing good we foster those already belonging to humanity.

Never was a sincere word utterly lost, never a magnanimity fell to the ground; there is some heart always to greet and accept it unexpectedly.

A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. [Irving.

An inward sincerity will, of course, influence an outward deportment; but where the one is wanting, there is great reason to suspect the absence of the other. [Sterne.

Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Abhor every approach in any kind or degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. [John Wesley.

Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside; they may be light and accidental, but they are ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that; and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them without one care as to which is largest or blackest. [Ruskin.

It is reported of Titus Vespasian that when any one spoke ill of him, he was wont to say that he was above false reports; and if they were true, he had more reason to be angry with himself than the relator. And the good Emperor Theodosius commanded that no man should be punished that spake against him; for what was spoken slightingly, said he, was to be pagned at; what spitefully, to be pardoned; what angrily, to be pitied; and if truly, he would thank him for it. O that there were not such a spirit, wherein men, like tinder, are ready to take fire upon the least spark that falls, to quarrel sometimes with the most inoffensive word that can be spoken; whereas, the best way is to be silent, say nothing, and you pay a talking man to the purpose. Thus it was that Hezekiah would not answer Rabshakah, nor our blessed Saviour his railing adversaries; "He reviled not His revilers, He threatened not His opposers." [Spencer.

A true Christian must live higher than the average morality of the community in which he dwells. His work must be better than anybody else's. His fidelity must be more eminent than anybody else's. His moral sense must be finer and truer than other people's. It is a shame to the teaching of religion, or to the church, or to both, when men outside of the church—infidels and atheists—are more honorable, as sometimes they are, than professed Christians. I have known the meanest men in town to be leading members of the church; and I have known men who did not believe in the Bible, and who did not belong to any church, who were so honorable that I would have taken their word sooner than I would have taken another man's bond. This is an unnatural state of things, which arises largely from churchism, or from a substitution of the institutions of the church for the thing which should be produced by these instruments. A man who has religion is a whiter man inside and out, a riper man inside and out, a sweeter man inside and out, and a more fragrant man inside and out, than a man who has not religion. [Beecher.

A REMARKABLE FROG STORY. A remarkable incident occurred at Brown & Hall's saw mill, in Acton, while a pine log was being sawed up into lumber. The outside slab and one board had been cut off, and while the workmen were turning over the log they were surprised to see a large toad poke his head out of a hole in which he was imbedded, and where he had barely escaped being cut up by the saw. How the stranger got there was a mystery, as he was completely encased in the wood, with no possible means of ingress or egress. As the log was the fourth or fifth from the butt of the tree, his position must have been at least fifty or sixty feet from the ground, and he had no doubt grown up with it from infancy, being probably hundreds of years old. The animal was quite flat, and nearly as large as a man's hand. He was perfectly blind, but when taken from his bed he made use of his limbs to crawl away. The tree was perfectly sound with the exception of a decayed spot of about a foot in length below the hollow place in which he was imbedded. How did he get there, and what did he live on? [Toronto Globe.

A Gentleman recently had occasion to consult his hatter, but was unable to find in the shop the precise article that he needed. "Come to-morrow," said the hatter, finally; "I know to a 't' what you require. You want a tranquil hat with moderated and not unseemly gayety in the brim. I'll fix it for you to-morrow, sure."

Only the Husk.

A LIFE SKETCH.

Tom Darcy, yet a young man, had grown to be a very hard one. At heart he might have been all right if his head and his will had only been right; but, these being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its old truthful yearning. Tom had lost his place as foreman in the great machine shop, and what money he now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do, here and there, at private houses; for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his hand was steady enough he could mend a clock, or clean a watch, as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine—and this latter he could do better than any other man ever employed by the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend up a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he received five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt—the village tavern. He knew that his wife sadly needed money, and that his two little children were in absolute suffering from want of clothing; and on this morning he held a debate with the better part of himself; but the better part had become very weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where, for two or three hours, he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draughts, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but, as usual, stupefaction followed, and the man part died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night—almost midnight—when the landlord's wife came into the bar-room to see what kept her husband up—and she quickly saw.

"Peter," she said, not in a pleasant mood, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging round here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left his brain, and the calling of his name strung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love of rum, but he did not love the landlord. In other years Peter Tindar and himself had loved and wooed the same sweet maiden—Ellen Goss—and he won her, leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spinster who had brought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once discarded him.

"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of the foot.

"Hush, Betsey! He's got more money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of the nut, and his wife may have the husk!"

With a sniff and a snap Betsey turned away, and shortly afterward Tom Darcy lifted himself up upon his elbow.

"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then rose up and have a warm glass."

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.

"No, Peter—I won't drink any more tonight."

"It won't hurt you, Tom—just a glass."

"I know it won't," said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the solitary button left. "I—know—it—won't!"

And with this he went out into the chill air of midnight. When he had get away from the shadow of the tavern, he stopped and looked up at the stars, and then he looked down upon the earth.

"Aye," he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel, "Peter Tindar is taking the kernel, and leaving to poor Ellen the worthless husk—a husk worse than worseless!—and I am helping him to do it—I am robbing my wife of joy—robbing my children of honor and comfort—robbing myself of love and light—just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk! We'll see!"

It was a revelation to the man. The tavern keeper's brief speech, meant not for his ears, had come upon his senses as fell the voice of the Risen One upon Saul of Tarsus.

"We'll see!" he replied, setting his foot firmly upon the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife:

"Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?"

"Yes, Tom." She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee, instead of old, old cider.

"I wish you would make me a cup, strong, and good."

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about the work with a strange flutter at her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out—went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in the office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh—Tom!—what do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcy, come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past, and hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom!" cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon if you'll only set him at work."

"Work? Aye, Tom, and bless you, too! There's an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me."

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skillful supervision the engine was set up and tested; but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was complete.

"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr Scott, as he came into the testing-house, and found the workmen ready to depart.

"She's all right, sir. You may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your place again?

"Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you offer it to me then, I will take it."

At the little cottage Ellen Darcy's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning after Tom had gone, she had found a two-dollar note in the coffee cup. She knew he had left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar, and flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and shimmering before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she had set out the tea table, and waited, but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—and almost nine. Oh! was it but a false glimmer, after all?

Hark! The old step! quick, strong, eager for home. Yes—it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands, and the odor of oil upon his garments.

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie?"

"Tom!"

"I didn't mean to, but the work hung on."

"Tom! Tom! You've been to the old shop?"

"Yes—and I'm to have the old place, and—"

"O Tom!"

And she threw her arms around his neck and covered his face with kisses.

"Nellie, darling, wait a little while, and you shall have the old Tom back again."

"Oh, Tom, I've got him now—bless him! bless him! My own Tom! my husband!—my darling!"

And then Tom Darcy realized the full power and blessing of woman's love.

It was a banquet of the gods, was that supper—of the household gods all restored—with the bright angels of peace and love, and joy spreading their wings over the board.

On the following Monday morning Tom Darcy assumed his old place at the head of the great machine-shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going beck into the slough and the joylessness.

A few days later Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

"Eh! Tom, old boy, what's up?"

"I am up—right side up."

"Yes—a—I see. But I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom."

"I have forsaken only the evil you hold in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded my wife and little ones had fed on husks about long enough, and if there was a good kernel left in my heart, or in my manhood, they should have it."

"Ah—you heard what I said to my wife that night?"

"Yes, Peter; and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness."

And Peter Tindar went home and meditated. Somehow he did not feel like holding up his head as he met his fellow men. If he had a thought that Tom Darcy might fall back, he was mistaken. The hand of God had been in that work, and one of God's own chosen angels—a true and loving wife—was a helper and sustainer.

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Are Doing Wonders.

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Yours, I. F. PALMER, P. M.
No. Fayette, Me., May 1, 1876.

NOTE. Mr. Palmer is the Postmaster of North Fayette, and having become convinced of the great value of these Plasters by actual use, he has obtained them upon favorable terms and is selling large quantities. A medicine that thus recommends itself cannot be too highly commended. One Plaster sells dozens.

Sold by all druggists for 25 cents. Sent on receipt of 25 cents for one, $1.25 for six, or $2.25 for twelve, carefully wrapped, and warranted perfect, by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

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The lame can be healed and the wounded made whole. We now know just what the Centaur Liniment will do. They will not mend broken bones or **cure Cancer,** but they will extract soreness, allay pain, cure Rheumatism and a larger range of flesh, bone and muscle ailments than any article ever before discovered.

Scientific skill cannot go beyond the effects of these remarkable preparations. **Chronic Rheumatism** of many years' standing, Neuralgia, Weak Back, Fever Sores, **Weeping-Sinews,** Sciatica, Caked Breasts, Distorted Joints and Sprained Limbs of the worst kind are cured by the White Centaur Liniment.

It will destroy the pain and **heal without a scar** all ordinary Burns and Scalds. It will extract the poison of Bites and Stings, and the frost from Frozen Limbs. It is very efficacious for Ear-ache, Tooth-ache, Itch and **Cutaneous Eruptions.**

Mr. Josiah Westake, of Marysville, O., writes:

"For years my Rheumatism has been so bad that I have been unable to stir from the house. The first three bottles of Centaur Liniment enabled me to walk without my crutches. I am mending rapidly. I think your Liniment simply a marvel."

C. H. Bennett, Druggist, Rock Prairie, Mo., says:

"Centaur Liniment sells better and gives the best satisfaction of anything in the market."

What the Centaur Liniment has done for others it will do for you. It is handy, it is reliable, and it is cheap.

The Yellow Centaur Liniment is worth its weight in gold to owners of horses and mules.

This Liniment has cured more **Sprained,** Sweeny, Ring-boned and **Galled Horses** in three years than have all the Farriers in the country in an age. Its effects are simply wonderful.

We have thousands upon thousands of certificates as strong as the following:

"My horse was lame for a year with a fetlock wrench. All remedies utterly failed to cure and I considered him worthless until I commenced to use Centaur Liniment, which rapidly cured him. I heartily recommend it.
"REV. GEO. W. FERRIS, "Manorville, Schoharie Co., N. Y."

"DEAR SIR,—I have used your Centaur Liniment in my family, and find it to be of great value. Please send me two dollars' worth, one for the mules and horses. RILEY SICKLES.
"FALLS STATION, WYOMING CO., PA."

It makes very little difference what the case is, whether it be Wrench, Sprain, Poll-Evil, Ringbone, Scratches or Lameness of any kind, the effects are the same. Liverymen, Stage proprietors, Farmers, &c., should never be without the Yellow Centaur Liniment. It is sold everywhere, and warranted in its effects.

Laboratory of J. B. ROSE & CO., 46 DEY ST., NEW YORK.

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It is a mistake to suppose that Castoria is not adapted to grown persons as well as Children. They only need to increase the quantity. But children have so many complaints for which Castoria is adapted—like **Wind Colic,** Sour Stomach, Worms, Tetter, **Teething** and Croup, that it is especially recommended for them.

Its effects are more certain than **Castor Oil.** It contains no alcohol and is as **pleasant to take** as honey. It never gripes. By regulating the stomach and bowles the Castoria **cools the blood,** expels worms and prevents feverishness, quiets the nerves and produces health—then of course **children can sleep** in quiet and **mothers can rest.**

Castoria is **recommended** by all physicians and nurses who have tried it, and it is having a rapidly increasing sale. It is prepared with great care after the recipe of Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Mass., at the Laboratory of J. B. Rose & Co., 46 Dey Street, New York. 3mos15

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LADIES please call and examine our Fall Stock. The best assortment in the city. Straw, Felt Hats and Bonnets in every Style. Ribbons, Feathers, Flowers, Wings, Velvets, Plain and Corded Silks in all Colors.

New Goods received every Boat, which will be sold at Low Prices at WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. H. H. JOHNSON & CO. Belfast, October 3, 1876. 1f14

MRS. RICHARDS AND MISS SOUTHWORTH, Just returned from Boston, solicit the attention of their friends and customers to their full line of MILLINERY, And having engaged the services of MISS HAYES, For the coming season, we promise our work in FIRST CLASS STYLE. Dress Making as Usual. Ladies please Call upon Us. No. 11 Main Street. 15tf

Mrs. R. Sheldon AND Miss Edgcomb HAVING JUST RETURNED FROM BOSTON WITH A NICE LINE OF Fall and Winter MILLINERY, Invite their friends and the public to call and see them at 13 Phenix Row. 16tf

GRANITE Iron Ware! FOR SALE AT A. D. FRENCH'S Stove Store.

H. H. JOHNSON & CO., Having Just Returned from Western Markets, are prepared to Sell Goods at the very LOWEST PRICES!

We have a Full Line of DRESS GOODS! IN ALL THE New & Fashionable Colors! IN PRICES THAT WILL SUIT ALL.

ALSO GREAT BARGAINS IN Plaid Dress Goods!

OUR LINE OF BLACK GOODS Cannot be Surpassed, viz: Blk. Cashmere, Blk. Alpaca, Blk. Brilliantine, Blk. Mohair, Blk. Silk, and Tamise.

500 Pieces of Prints just received at the lowest prices. Also a lot of REMNANT PRINTS.

WE HAVE Bleached and Unbleached Cottons from 6 to 12 1-2 Cents.

OUR STOCK OF Blankets and Flannels! Never were Cheaper than they are to-day. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

Repellants in all Colors very Low!

WE HAVE A FINE LINE OF Beavers for Cloakings.

Also a Large Assortment of FANCY GOODS INCLUDING Silk and Worsted Fringes, Trimming Braids, Buttons, Neck Ties in all Colors, Collars and Cuffs, Handkerchiefs and Gloves.

CORSETS AND LADIES UNDER WEAR! AT LOW PRICES.

ALSO A LARGE LINE OF Ladies' and Children's Hosiery!

3,000 Butterick's Patterns just received. Catalogues free to all. H. H. JOHNSON & CO. Belfast, October 3, 1876. 1f14

NEW Wood-Working Shop! F. H. Durham and C. B. Hall Have taken charge of the New Shop lately built in connection with the Belfast Shoe Factory, where they are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work, Jig and Band Sawing. And all kinds of Light and Heavy Sawing, Window and Door Frames, Brackets and Fancy Work a specialty. They will also contract and build houses, jobbing and out-side repair work. Mr. Durham has large experience in building, and with his extra facilities, feels confident that he can meet the public demand. DURHAM & HALL. Belfast, Nov. 9, 1876.—1y01

Annual Meeting Belfast Foundry Company. THE STOCKHOLDERS of the Belfast Foundry Company are hereby notified to meet at the office of the Company 66 Main St., Belfast, on Monday, Dec. 25th, A. D. 1876, at 3 o'clock P. M., to choose officers for the ensuing year and to act on the following questions: To see if they will sell and convey the franchise and all the real and personal estate belonging to said Corporation, to such person or persons, and upon such terms as then may be determined upon. L. C. ABBOTT, Secretary. Belfast, Dec. 6, 1876.—3w23

Custom Made Thick Boots! AT THE Hayford Block Shoe Store.

FISH! FISH! A Choice Stock of Fish for Fall and Winter Trade, just received at Collins' Market, High Street, (Basement of old Telegraph Building.) Mackerel of all grades, by the Bbl., Half Bbl. or Kit. Halibut's Heads, Fins and Napes. Smoked Halibut, Salmon & Herring. Prepared Cod and Cheeks, Tongues and Sounds. Dry Cod and Pollock. Has just received the First Lot of the season of Finnan Haddies. Yarmouth Bloaters and Kippered Herring. All the varieties of fresh fish the season affords, always on hand. OYSTERS & CLAMS as a specialty. Parties out of town furnished at liberal rates. FRANK COLLINS. Belfast, Oct. 4, 1876. tf14

LADIES MERINO GARMENTS! ANOTHER NEW LOT! The Cheapest Ever Offered! Which is only one-half the price they were last season, as follows:

1 Lot worth	25	Cts.
1 " "	33	"
1 " "	38	"
1 " "	75	"
1 " "	$1.25	"

Very Nice, Nearly all Wool, Worth last Season, $2.00. PLASE CALL BEFORE PURCHASING. B. F. WELLS.

JAS. W. CLARK Offers for Sale, a full line of Ladies Beaver Boots & Slippers. MEN'S STOGA BOOTS IN HEAVY CALF, KIP, & COWHIDE. Rubber Boots & Shoes ALL Shapes and Sizes. French and American Kid Boots A Good Assortment. Misses' and Children's SCHOOL BOOTS! First-class in every respect. Finally Everything In the Boot and Shoe Line Can be found at No. 13 Phenix Row.

Cloaks. Cloaks. YOU WILL FIND AT H. H. JOHNSON & Co, THE BEST LINE OF CLOAKS Ever seen in Belfast. We have them at prices to suit all. ☞Please call and examine them.

1876. 1876. FALL MILLINERY. MRS. WELLS HAVING just returned from New York and Boston with all the latest styles of Hats, Feathers & Flowers. **Miss Brown** will take charge of the Millinery as usual, who will give entire satisfaction to all. 13 MRS. WELLS, 17 Main Street.

LECTURES 1876 AND 1877. A Course of Lectures, to be delivered in Pierce's Hall during the coming winter, will be opened by REV. S. GOODENOUGH, On MONDAY Evening, Dec. 18th. Subject to be hereafter announced. The services of the following named lecturers have been secured: HON. WM. G. CROSBY, HON. WM. C. MARSHALL, WM. H. SIMPSON, ESQ., HON. SETH L. MILLIKEN, REV. J. T. BIXBY, HON. JOSEPH WILLIAMSON, WM. M. RUST, ESQ., PHILO HERSEY, ESQ., REV. J. A. ROSS, DR. LEWIS W. PENDLETON, WM. H. FOGLER, ESQ., DR. ELMER SMALL, REV. DAVID F. ESTES. Tickets for the Course, - $1.50. To be obtained at the Bookstores. A. H. KELLEY, D. F. ESTES, E. G. THORNDIKE, } Committee.

Buy Your Thick Boots! AT THE Hayford Block Shoe Store.

Sanford's Steamship Co., FOR BOSTON AND LOWELL! AFTER the 27th, until further notice the steamer Cambridge instead of the Katahdin, will leave Belfast for Boston on Mondays and Thursdays and leave Boston on Tuesdays and Fridays at 5 o'clock P. M. No steamer of this line will leave Boston on the 30th inst. or 2d of November. D. LANE, Agent. Belfast, Oct. 25, 1876

Belfast, Castine, Brooksville AND ISLESBORO! Winter Arrangement! THE Steamer of this line will run until further notice as follows: Leave Brooksville for Belfast on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, at 7 o'clock A. M., (Castine 7,30.) Returning—Leave Belfast, Sanford Wharf, for Brooksville on Monday at 2 o'clock P. M. On Wednesday and Saturday at 9 o'clock A. A., (may lay over for Boston Steamer until 10 o'clock,) touching at Islesboro and Castine each way. Fare—To Islesboro or Castine, or return, 75 cents; to Brooksville, or return, $1.00. Freight taken at fair rates. Agents—Wm. Wasson, Brooksville; Benj. Ryder, Islesboro; Hooper & Shepherd, Castine; Howard Conant, Belfast.—21

Maine Central Railroad. Trains now leave Belfast at 8.10 A M. Brooks 8.47. Thorndike 9.18. Unity 9.30. Arriving at Burnham 9.55 A. M. Leave Belfast at 2.45 P. M. Brooks 3.30. Thorndike 4.12. Unity 4.28. Arriving at Burnham at Burnham at 5.00 P. M. RETURNING, Leave Burnham at 10.10 A. M. Unity 10.40. Thorndike 10.53. Brooks 11.28 A. M. Arrive at Belfast 12.10 P. M. Leave Burnham at 5.20 P. M. Unity 5.42. Thorndike 5.52. Brooks 6.18. Arrive at Belfast 6.50 P.M. These Trains Connect at Burnham with Portland, Boston and Bangor Trains. October 9, 1876.

Carver's Harbor Packet. THE fast sailing packet P. M. BONNEY, Capt. Thomas Burgess, has again resumed her weekly trips between this city and Carver's Harbor, Vinalhaven, and will run until further notice. Country produce of all kinds will be purchased at the going prices. When in port the Captain may be found on board the packet at Haraden's wharf, or at the store of Woods, Mathews & Baker. ☞Excellent accommodations for Passengers, are $1.00. CAPT. THOS. BURGESS. Belfast, Sept. 7, 1876. tf10

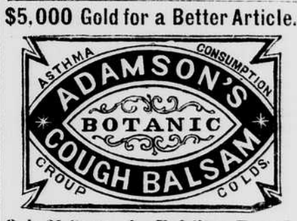
American Hotel. Main Street, Belfast, Me. J. D. TUCKER, Proprietor. Coaches to convey passengers to and from the cars and boats. Sample Rooms free to guests. Livery and Boarding Stable connected with the House. Belfast, Sept. 23, 1875.—tf13

Sanborn House. JOSEPH SANBORN, JR., Announces to his many friends that he has returned and again taken possession of the well known SANBORN HOUSE, where he will be glad to welcome them. The house is near the depot, well fitted and offers every inducement for a quiet summer resort. A good stable is connected with the house. Give me a call. JOSEPH SANBORN, JR. Belfast, June 1, 1875. tf48

To Rent. A portion of my dwelling house on Cedar Street. Good accommodations. Apply to MILTON F. CARTER. Belfast, Dec. 14, 1876.—1f24

Notice. WHEREAS, my wife, RAY P. PARKMAN and myself, have separated by mutual consent, this is to give public notice that I shall after this date, be responsible for no debts of her contraction, and all persons are forbidden to give credit to her on my account. PRESTON F. PARKMAN. Belfast, Dec. 12, 1876.—3w24

$5,000 Gold for a Better Article.



Only 35 Cents. An Unfailing Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Soreness of Throat, Chest & Lungs, and all diseases leading to Consumption.

[From Alonzo S. Weed, Publisher of Zion's Herald, 36 Bromfield street, Boston.]

Several bottles of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam have been used in my family with the most gratifying results. We esteem it as one of the best of medicines.

[From Daily Kennebec Journal.]

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is an article of undoubted merit.

[From the Maine Standard.]

As a safe, reliable and pleasant medicine, we know of nothing that equals Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

[From the Maine Farmer, Augusta.]

The names of those who have tested the medical properties and recommended the use of Adamson's Cough Balsam, are of the highest standing in the community, and ought to be a sufficient guarantee of this popular medicine.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers. eow6mos19

FOWLE'S PILE AND HUMOR CURE. **WARRANTED** *a perfect cure in all the worst forms* of PILES, LEPROSY, SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM, SALT RHEUM, CATARRH, KIDNEY DISEASES *and all diseases of the* SKIN, and the greatest Blood Purifier ever discovered. *Entirely Vegetable.* Internal and external use. *Money returned in every case of failure.* H. D. FOWLE & CO., Montreal and Boston. Sold everywhere. $1 a bottle. Send for Pamphlets. eow3mos14

G. T. READ, MACHINIST! DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF Sewing Machine Attachments. ☞Particular attention given to Sewing Machine Repairing. Shot Guns Repaired and Bored to shoot close. No. 46 MAIN STREET. Jan. 1st, 1876—tf

Paints, Oils & Varnishes PURE LEAD AND OIL. J. F. MASURY & SONS Ready Made Colors for Painting Interior and exterior of Houses, Barns, Fences, &c. Call and see before purchasing elsewhere. E. J. MORISON & CO., 52 Main St., Belfast, Me. 3911

E. J. MORISON & CO. (Successors to Carle & Morison,) DEALERS IN Hardware, Iron, Steel, House, Ship and Carriage Trimmings, Agricultural Implements, Paints, Oils, Glass, &c. No. 52 Main Street, Belfast, Me. 1f34

MARK THESE FACTS. The Testimony of the Whole World. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. Extracts from Various Letters. "I had no appetite; Holloway's Pills gave me a hearty one." "Your Pills are marvellous." "I send for another box, and keep them in the house." "Dr. Holloway has cured my headache that was chronic." "I gave one of your Pills to my babe for cholera morbus. The dear little thing got well in a day." "My nausea of a morning is now cured." "Your box of Holloway's Ointment cured me of noises in the head. I rubbed some of your Ointment behind the ears, and the noise has left." "Send me two boxes; I want one for a poor family." "I enclose a dollar; your price is 25 cents, but the medicine to me is worth a dollar." "Send me five boxes of your Pills." "Let me have three boxes of your Pills by return mail, for Chills and Fever." I have over 200 such testimonials as these, but want of space compels me to conclude.

For Cutaneous Disorders, And all eruptions of the skin, this Ointment is most invaluable. It does not heal externally alone but penetrates with the most searching effects to the very root of the evil.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS Invariably cure the following diseases: Disorder of the Kidneys. In all diseases affecting these organs, whether they secrete too much or too little water; or whether they be afflicted with the stone or gravel, or with aches and pains settled in the loins over the regions of the kidneys, these Pills should be taken according to the printed directions, and the Ointment should be well rubbed into the small of the back at bed time. This treatment will give almost immediate relief when all other means have failed.

For Stomachs Out of Order. No medicine will so effectually improve the tone of the stomach as these Pills; they remove all acidity occasioned either by intemperance or improper diet. They reach the liver and reduce it to a healthy action; they are wonderfully efficacious in cases of spasm—in fact they never fail in curing all disorders of the liver and stomach. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the best known in the world for the following diseases: Ague, Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Blotches on the Skin, Bowels, Consumption, Debility, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Female Irregularities, Fevers of all kinds, Fits, Gout, Headache, Indigestion, Inflammation, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Lumbago, Piles, Rheumatism, Retention of urine, Scrofula or King